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Vol. CXLII No. 1859 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — SEPT. 7 1935

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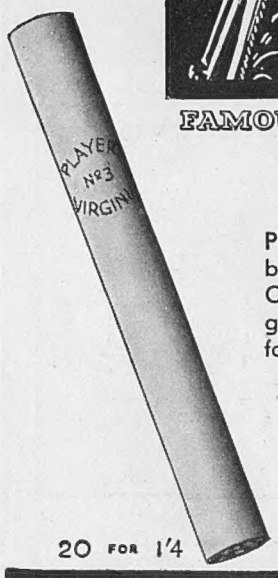

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, September 7, 1935

Belgium's Bereaved Monarch

King Leopold Walks Behind the Hearse at the Funeral of His Queen

Belgium, which in this century has known so much of suffering, is once again plunged into mourning, and on Tuesday last nearly a million sorrowing people lined the streets of the capital to watch their beloved Queen Astrid go by for the last time along the self-same route travelled only eighteen months ago by the late King Albert who similarly had met an untimely death. Following behind the cortege was the tragic figure of King Leopold who, in spite of a fractured rib and other injuries sustained in the fatal car accident at Lucerne, courageously insisted on walking not only from the Palace to the Church of St. Gudule, but the three miles to the Royal Crypt at Laeken, where his Consort was interred after the funeral service. In the above picture His Majesty is seen (his right arm in a sling) with his father-in-law, Prince Carl of Sweden, the Duke of York, the Crown Prince Gustaf Adolf of Sweden, and other royal representatives of their respective countries. *(See also pages* 340–343)

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d. Elsewhere Abroad, 2d.

A POINT OF VANTAGE: Men of the Queen's Bays taking cover behind a haystack during the manœuvres on Salisbury Plain last week, in which over 30,000 men took part. At the same time Italy was holding military exercises on a much vaster scale, and at Bolzano, Udine, Bergamo, and Naples she concentrated a total of 500,000 men to create a show of strength, the like of which Europe has not seen for years

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, September 4, 1935.

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S ENGAGEMENT.

— The news of the engagement of another of the King's sons is of domestic importance intense enough to put even the Abyssinian dispute in the background. We have hardly put aside our enthusiasm over the Kent wedding, when we learn that another such very popular thrill is toward. Only a few weeks ago on this page I had a short and appreciative notice of Lady Alice Scott's exhibition of water colours of Kenya scenery held at the Walker Galleries. It was her second show and her sketches showed a great advance in technique and colouring. Indeed they were highly praised by people who know what is what. Lady Alice has been a valuable publicity agent for Kenya. She has given England a wonderful notion of its beauty, which varies from Italian Lake to Highland mountain-scenery, and can equal any other country in the wealth and beauty of blossoms. It needs no saying, therefore, that Lady Alice Scott, the Duke of Buccleuch's third daughter, is a lady of character and of talent. Like the Duchess of Kent, she had before marriage struck out a line of her own and impressed her personality strongly on her generation. For the past few years, she has spent long periods in Kenya with her uncle, Lord Francis Scott, and had come to know and love that country well. Not long ago she showed great pluck when she continued an African journey by air with a broken collar-bone. To the attributes of a strong character, great pluck, and considerable talent are added much charm and kindness of heart, perfect simplicity, and an entire absence of class consciousness. To a character of that kind, the dignity, which her position will demand, belongs by nature. I will leave it to others to tell of the family connection with Monmouth and of the traditions of the great border house with which Sir Walter Scott was so proud to claim kinship. The Duke and Lady Alice have known each other well for many years We pass from royal happiness to royal tragedy with tragic suddenness.

A TRAGEDY INDEED.—

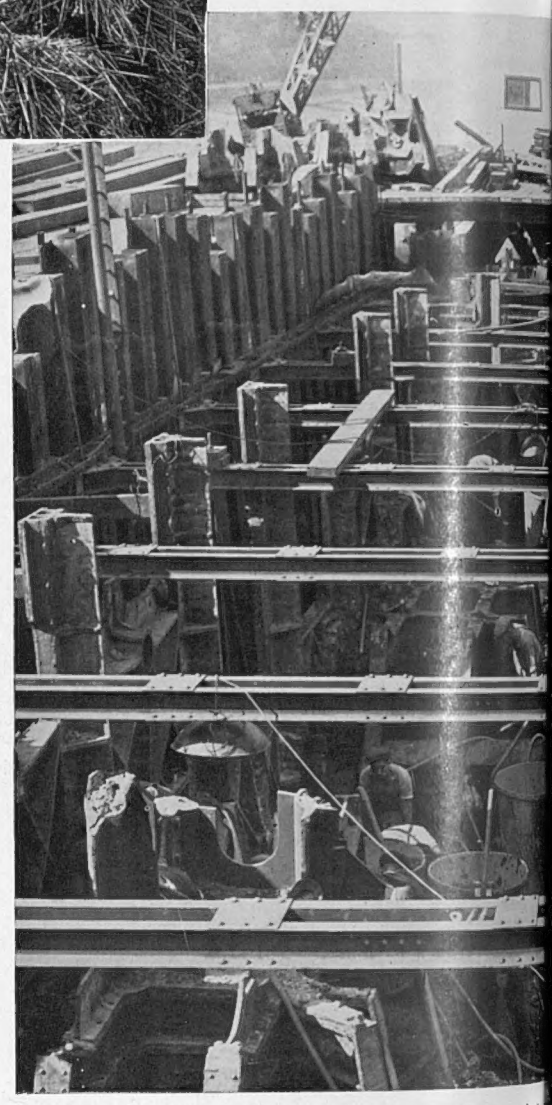
The death of the young and charming Queen of the Belgians in circumstances so tragic must wring every heart. Indeed nothing could be added to make more complete the tragedy or more heartfelt our sympathy with the young King, who has so manfully, so admirably and so dutifully filled the breach since his noble father's sudden and unwitnessed death shocked Europe. In a brief space of time, Belgium has twice been plunged in mourning for its royal house as a result of accidents which, common enough among ordinary folk, would not (one might reasonably suppose) come upon Kings and Queens. But the Belgian Royal Family has for two generations at least loved above all things to escape from the pomp and publicity which hedge Kings and to enjoy the few hours available to them for recreation with all the freedom and simplicity which is the privilege of the ordinary individual. King Albert was for ever disappearing in his shabby clothes on lonely expeditions, sometimes to the embarrassment of his court and ministers. And his son shared his taste for simplicity and solitude. Now he returns from Switzerland to take up again what is perhaps the hardest task that ever faced a young man, be he king or commoner. To bear his grievous burden of misery alone—and to resume his heavy duties cheerfully for his country's sake. God knows he will find no lack of sympathy and understanding, and I doubt not his mother will now shake off her own sorrows to help him bear his own.

ITALY'S CASE—A FRANK EXPOSITION.

— The best summary I have read of the Italian "case" was made by Commendatore Villari to the *Scotsman's* representative. He tabulated the well-known points thus: Italy's fertile home territory is less than half that of France. Italy's need for colonial expansion has long been urgent. She has reclaimed all she can of her fertile territory and developed its resources, but still the need for raw materials and mineral wealth and room for colonisation has grown, with increasing population and the crippling of trade by tariff walls. Italy's financial position makes it impossible for her to obtain her wants by exporting gold. Hence Italy feels it only just that she should share in general development of the undeveloped parts of the world. Unfortunately Italy missed the bus in the "great divide" of the nineteenth century. Abyssinia is about the only territory answering the broad definition available for Italy. She hoped for a friendly spirit of co-operation from the Ethiopians. Unfortunately, ever since the great war began, Abyssinia has shown that she did not want Italy's attentions, and she began to mass troops on the Eritrian and Italian Somaliland borders. Frontier raids followed. Then in 1928 a treaty of friendship was made and Italy actually sold arms to Abyssinia. The treaty did Italy no good. Ethiopia would not make friends. The Wal Wal "attack" followed. Italy demanded reparations. Abyssinia refused. Italy is not pleased with the League. If the League hadn't "butted in" an agreement would have been reached. For (says the Commendatore ingenuously) the League encouraged Abyssinia to think she would be supported. *Cet animal* (in a word) *est très méchant. Quand on l'attaque, il se defend.* Not that one does not sympathise in Italy's needs. It is her bitter misfortune that she missed the early (nineteenth-century) bus; nowadays undeveloped nations dislike being developed by big powers for their good (or goods). But Italy, though she is annoyed with the League, does not greatly fear it. Sanctions can only be enforced if the signatory powers are unanimous. And Italy banks on France upsetting that apple-cart. It follows logically in Villari's argument that Italy desires Britain's friendship, and promises to keep her hands off British interests, including the head waters of the Nile. That is Italy's case very ingenuously and frankly stated. It does not make things easier for the League or for Britain. That is why I felt less surprised by our non-committal pronouncements recently than by the good reception which they received in Europe.

SEPTEMBER 4.

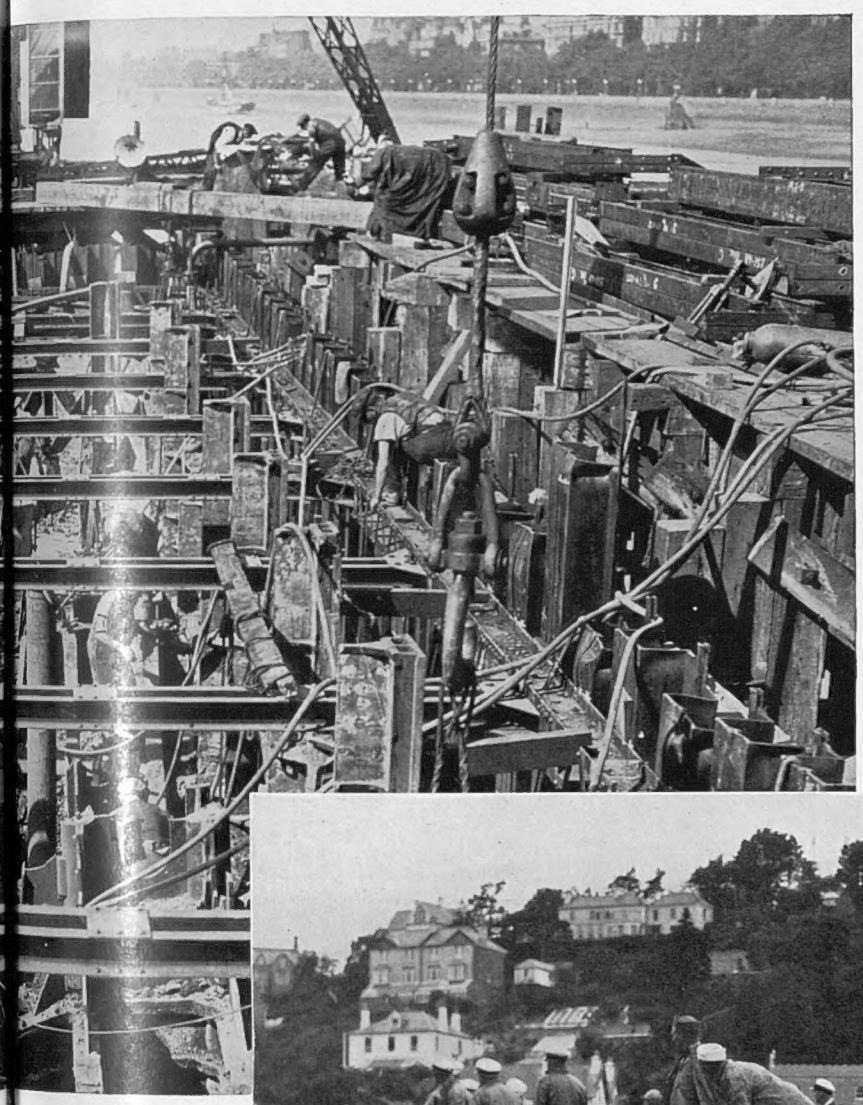
—August 4 is a tremendous date in World history. It may be that September 4 will equal it in importance and it is not yet impossible that it will surpass it in sweetness. Only at the very worst can September 4 become a date of more terrible omen. And here it is—its future significance still unknown to me. For the past fortnight, the uncertainty and complexity of the issue and its consequences have compelled us all to expect the worst. "The City," that cowardly, easily-frightened, rumour-ridden, panicky barometer, slumped and recovered, rose and fell, like the untrustworthy instrument it is. I think that most stockbrokers on holiday felt ashamed of their "house." But all holiday makers, dozing over the daily paper after a long day on the hill, read the news of the Abyssinian crisis in a complete fog. Over the air and the land and the sea the messages summoned the British Cabinet urgently to Downing Street from their well-earned holidays. They collected for deliberations and we were astonished to learn that their decisions had satisfied a majority of the chancellaries of Europe. For, search as we would, we could not find in any British paper that they had decided anything at all. In that fact, it seemed, the satisfaction of Europe lay. That those who walk on egg-shells must walk warily, is obvious. It emerged at last that the Cabinet's great object was to keep Italy from a declaration of war until after the fateful September 4. To that end we "upheld our determination to support the League and its covenant" in this and such-like disputes in the vaguest terms and decided meanwhile not to lift the arms embargo on Abyssinia.



TOILING IN THE THAMES: Men at work removing [illegible] during the final stage of the demolition of Chelsea Bridge, a structure capable of carrying a much greater weight [illegible] never a success, and even when it was new there were

SILENCE IS GOLDEN.—

Of sanctions we said not a word, never giving a hint of whether in any event such sanctions might be economic, diplomatic, or by force of arms. It was our very indefiniteness which appeared to have impressed Europe with our "strength." Germany was obviously most impressed by the fact that Mr. Baldwin returned to finish his cure at Aix. Belgium was satisfied with our determination to maintain our attitude towards the League. Italy saw nothing to worry about in our firm attitude. France was delighted with us, believing she had our full support "in the difficult task of conciliation," which apparently she hopes still to accomplish through the League but without turning its screw (whatever its screw may be good for). In the Empire, Canada approved our "logical stand." And Geneva, as the nerve centre of Europe, was highly satisfied. All of which was very puzzling to me. I felt I had somehow missed a vital paragraph or gone without newspapers for a whole day. But friends confirmed that they also had failed to discover what clear declaration we had made, and we came to agree that even in present-day diplomacy there is a good deal to be said for strong and uncompromising and clear-cut declarations of nothing at all. If we can please Europe so easily, if so easily we can gain a reputation for strength and logic, then indeed silence is golden and speech and decisions are base metal. It must not be forgotten that the strong, silent man owes his reputation for strength to his genius for silence.



oundations of the piers hich is to be superseded by affic. The old bridge was oubts about its stability

MR. CHURCHILL REJOINS FROM LEAVE.—

While Naples was in the throes of war fever and the Duce's sons went off to war, Mr. Winston Churchill showed an admirably wise and very welcome gesture of peace. There are mad dogs loose in Europe. The India Bill (for better or worse) is law, and time alone can prove who was right and who was wrong about it. Mr. Churchill remembers a saying of Lord Salisbury's that it is a true English politician's duty to accept defeat gracefully, and Mr. Churchill has decided to compose the anxieties of Epping and England and rejoin the ranks. For many, many months he has been hitting hard and shrewdly; he has used the best weapons of persuasion in his armoury to show up the blindness of those who supported the India Bill. But the victory went to the big battalions, and Mr. Churchill is content to leave it to time's judgment and to close the ranks against a deadlier peril. Well, I am glad of it. A fighter and an orator of his metal is badly needed. The National Government needs the stimulus, the enthusiasm, and the hard hitting which he will be able to bring to bear at the hustings. He has ploughed long enough a lonely furrow and we would rather find him once more digging in the big ditch than hitching on to another lonely plough. Will not the Duchess of Atholl follow his sensible lead and compose those mildly ridiculous differences in Perthshire which play into the hands of those who would bring back the party game at this grim juncture, and which breed bitterness between Highland neighbours? It was distressing to observe two Highland noblemen, supporting a foreign Queen on holiday in Scotland, with their daggers barely concealed for politeness sake. Let Perth take a note from Epping, and those other seceders accept once more the Government's silken whip with a good grace. The India Bill is "battles long ago." There are troubles enough ahead.

THE LAST OF MACLEOD.

—The funeral of MacLeod, twenty-fourth or twenty-sixth chief of the clan, at Dunvegan was a moving ceremony. The service was at Dunvegan, the burial at Kilmuir. The place itself is one of the saddest and most romantic on earth, and the ceremonial was in keeping. Mr. Seton Gordon played a MacCrimmon lament and the late chief's piper played those saddest of all laments, "Lochaber No More" and "The Flowers of the Forest." Five hundred mourners attended, many crossing from the mainland to the misty island by boat; one or two by air. Mackintosh, for all his age, insisted on making the long journey, and with him went the other trustees of the huge Seafield estates. Other chieftains present were Lochiel and Mr. Macdonald from Armadale, representing the ancient foes of the MacLeods. So the last chief of the old line went to his place with fitting ceremonial. Much time will pass and elaborate proofs be sifted before it is settled who (if anybody) may claim the proud, if empty, honour of 25th or 27th chieftain of the clan. An Australian has already come forward. He will be called on to prove his direct descent from MacLeod of Talisker.

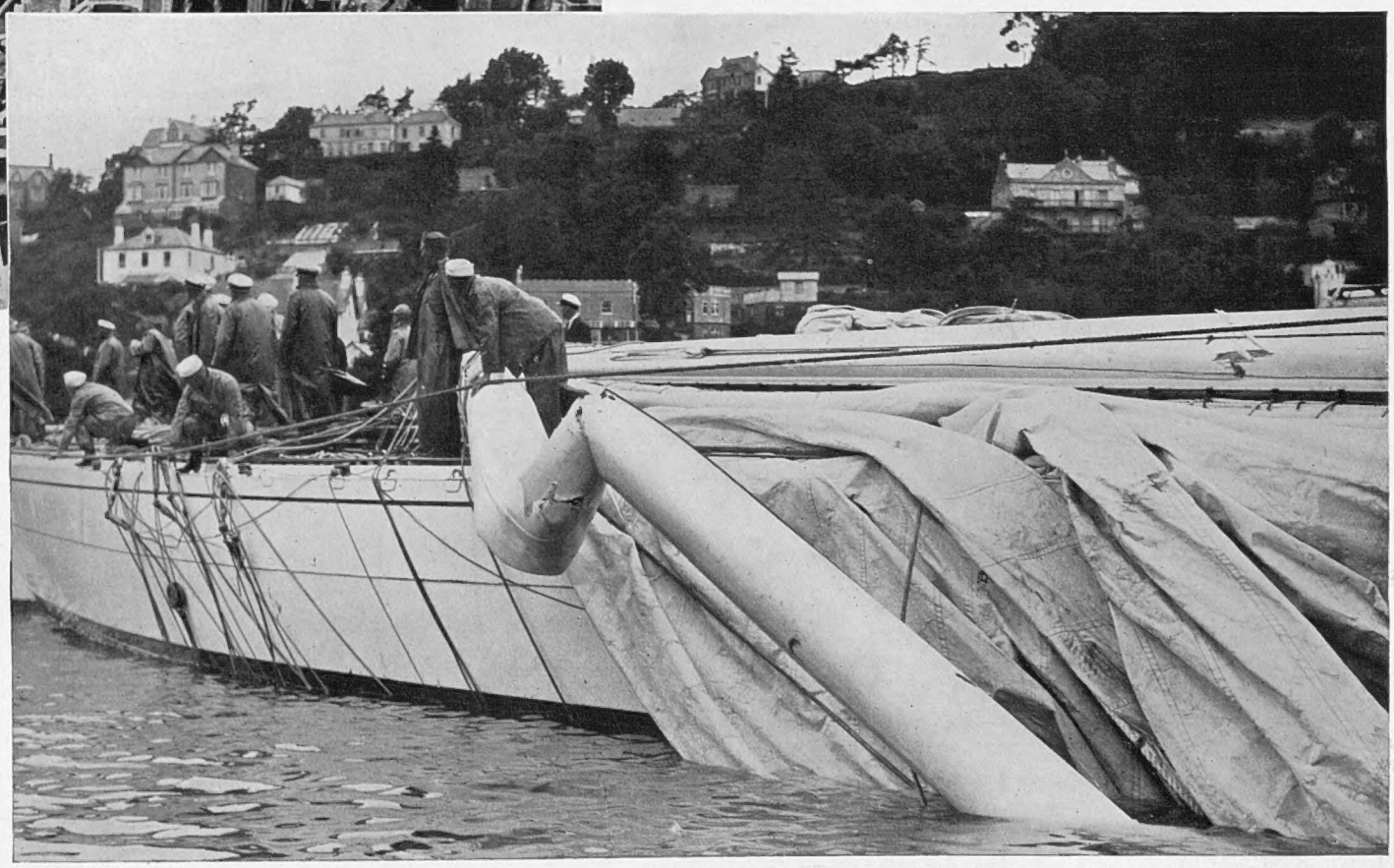
SHEEP DOG TRIALS.

—People came from far and near to watch the sheep dog trials at Kingussie last week. Many of them had a pleasant recollection of the same fixture last year. The arena is matchless. The valley, of which Kingussie is the centre, is one of the loveliest and most peaceful in the world, under the shadow of Cairngorm, whose lights and shades, constantly changing from opal to darkest purple, are beyond the power of pen to describe. The arena itself is a part of Kingussie golf course, and here spectators could observe easily and intimately the superhuman intelligence of "Nan," the better-half of Alexander Bremner, and the crass and maddening stupidity of certain sheep which upset the applecart of their fancied dogs. People came away with the certainty that of all God's creatures the sheep-dog possesses the highest intelligence, and that the sheep stands (with the domestic fowl) on the lowest rung of stupidity and cowardice. And that man is placed about half-way up those ladders. Very fashionable indeed was the crowd of spectators who enjoyed the thrills and the beauty of the scene.

LEISURE AND THE HOME.

—At St. Andrews the British Isles Conference of the New Education Fellowship ended recently a fortnight of discussion of modern tendencies in social life. Our social life was discussed from all angles. The chief premise in all arguments was that the race must prepare to make good use of the increased leisure which modern industrial conditions are bringing them. Unless we can learn how to use it this gift may well prove a curse. The conclusion come to was that at present we have made no advance towards the right use of leisure. On the contrary, we are slipping back all along the line. Everywhere family life is disintegrating. The home is becoming more and more a mere bolt-hole for a "bed and breakfast." The young must find their amusements in the streets. Why is this? When a Victorian or Edwardian looks at London and recalls the London of his youth, the answer hits him in the face. Thousands of houses have given place to hundreds of thousands of small flats. It is the same for rich and poor. In the expensive flat, there is not room to swing a cat. Hobbies cannot survive in such restricted surroundings. There is no space even in which to house the relics of past generations. In such surroundings, hobbies cannot be pursued. And so also in poor quarters. The backyard has gone and with it the means of pursuing such innocent occupations as carpentry or gardening. In their place are communal playgrounds and centres for practising hobbies, giving facilities for organised games and supervised technical instruction. Some speakers declared that the nation was becoming over-organised. Whether or no, many young people feel no inclination to play or to practise hobbies under modern conditions and seek less healthy ways of using leisure in the streets.

THE OLD STAGER.



THE AMERICAN INVADER MEETS WITH A MISHAP: Mr. G. B. Lambert's *Yankee*, which has eight victories to her credit since she arrived to compete against the British yachts of her class, was unluckily dismasted last Saturday when taking part off Dartmouth in the last race of the season. The accident happened near the Skerries Bell Buoy, where there was a strong gale and a heavy sea, and as the immense steel mast crumpled, two members of the crew were swept overboard. When the men had been rescued *Yankee* was taken in tow by the trawler *Trojan* of Plymouth, and in the above picture she is seen after her return to port with her decks littered with gear

THE CORTEGE LEAVE
State hearse, a hi
drawn by eight jet-bla
the silent crowds as
church of St. Gudu
Archbishop of Malin
and placed in the Ro

ROYAL MOURNERS: Kin
Carl of Sweden (the la
the Crown Prince
Adolf of Swede

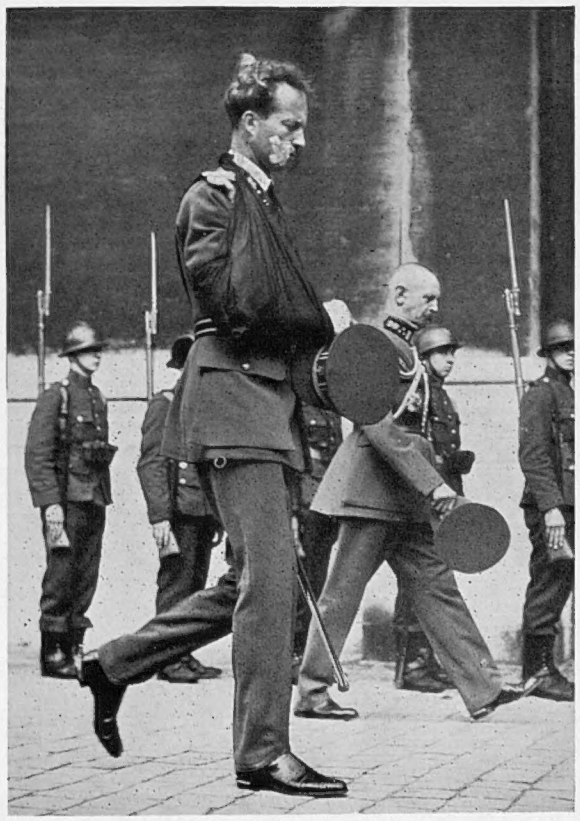
THE FUNERAL OF THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS

Scenes in Sorrowing Brussels During Last Tuesday's Ceremony

E PALACE: *Above and below on left*—The riage with a canopy of black and gold and rses with bobbing plumes, passing slowly through arted out on its melancholy journey to the ere the funeral service was conducted by the terwards the coffin was taken out to Laeken mily crypt beside that of the late King Albert

eopold, followed by a group including Prince ueen Astrid's father), Prince Charles of Belgium, enmark, the Duke of York, Crown Prince Gustaf d the Crown Prince Umberto of Italy

THE GATHERING AT ST. GUDULE: Crowds blocking one of the main approaches to the church where they listened to a broadcast of the impressive funeral service



COURAGE IN ADVERSITY: *Above and on right*—Two pictures of King Leopold as he followed the hearse of his dead consort. He walked bareheaded, dressed in the khaki uniform of a Belgian general, and with one arm in a sling. His step was firm, but he appeared to be almost oblivious of the great crowds who not only sympathised deeply with him in his loss but marvelled at his courage in joining the funeral procession in spite of his injuries

THE TRAGEDY OF QUEEN ASTRID

THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER THAT HAS PLUNGED A NATION INTO MOURNING: Peasant folk standing beside the spot near Lake Lucerne where Queen Astrid died in the King's arms after the car in which she was driving with him had got out of control, and she had been hurled with violence against a tree. When the people of Belgium heard the news of the tragedy there were many who could scarcely believe that such a blow could have befallen them so soon after the death of King Albert

WAITING TO PAY THEIR LAST TRIBUTE: Members of the Belgian Parliament seen outside the Palace at Brussels before entering the Salle du Penseur where the Queen lay in state after her body had been brought back from Lucerne on the day following the fatal accident. Later in the afternoon members of the general public filed past, and at one time it was estimated that the queue was over a mile long. Many people were unable to restrain their grief, and there were heartrending scenes as they left the Palace

NURSES ARRIVING WITH A WREATH: Only one of countless deputations that visited the Palace with the tokens of their grief. Queen Astrid had lived in Brussels for less than a decade and she had been Queen for only eighteen months, and yet in that short time she had identified herself with the life of the country to a degree that was truly extraordinary and had won both the respect and love of all her subjects. The people of Belgium have individually regarded her death not only as a national, but a personal loss

THE LATE QUEEN OF THE BELGIA
with Princess Josephine Charlot
riage and is nearly eight, and Pri
heir to the throne) whose fifth bi
son, Albert, Prince of Liége, w

"NOUS ETIONS SI HEUREUX, SI HEU
bereaved King spoke again and ag
Lucerne. This devoted royal coup
in sport, as evidenced by this picture

AND HER CHILDREN: Queen Astrid who was born the year after her mar- Baudouin (the Duke of Brabant and the day is to-day, September 7. A second born in June of last year near Brussels

A ROYAL FAMILY GATHERING: A picture taken last year when the King and Queen of the Belgians paid a visit to Sweden. *Left to right, seated*—Princess Marthe (Queen Astrid's sister, who is married to Crown Prince Olav of Norway), Prince Carl of Sweden and his daughter, Queen Astrid. *Left to right, standing*—The Crown Prince Olav of Norway, Princess Ingeborg of Sweden (mother of Queen Astrid), Prince Carl, jnr., Princess Marguerite (Queen Astrid's eldest sister and the wife of Prince Axel of Denmark), and King Leopold

AT ONE YEAR OLD: An early portrait of the ill-fated Queen. Her father Prince Carl, Duke of Vestrogothie, is a brother of King Gustav of Sweden

EUX": These were the words the on the tragic journey back from were seldom apart, and their interest was only one of the ties that bound them

IN HER 'TEENS: Queen Astrid playing tennis in the grounds of her parents' home. She was given a thorough but absolutely normal education

KEEPING VIGIL BESIDE THE BIER: Officers of the Royal Household who kept guard over the coffin of the Queen in the Salle du Penseur. During the week-end Belgians came by special trains from all parts of the country to witness the lying-in-state, and by mid-day on Sunday there were crowds sixteen deep completely encircling the grounds of the palace

NATIONAL HERO AND LIBERATOR: A square in Addis Ababa showing St. George's Cathedral in the background and in the foreground a magnificent equestrian statue of the Emperor Menelek II (born 1844, died 1913), who by decisively defeating the Italians at the battle of Adowa was not only able to tear up the Treaty of Uccialli, which sought to give Italy a Protectorate over Ethiopia, but was left free to develop his country in peace

A Message from Addis Ababa

An Account of Conditions in the Ethiopian Capital

By MAJOR E. W. POLSON NEWMAN

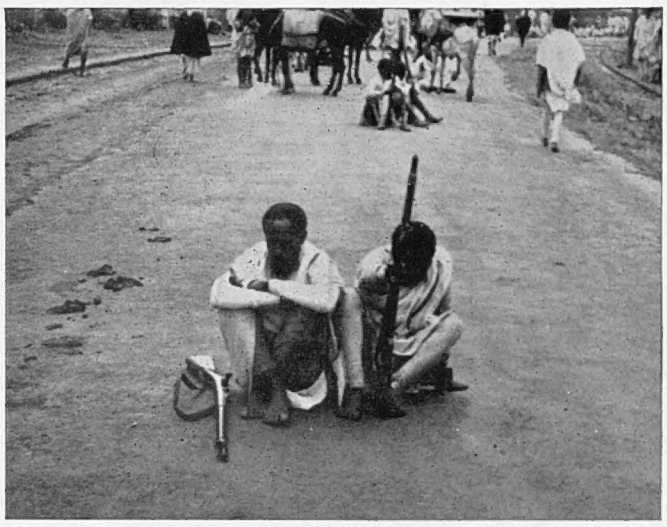
ALTHOUGH near the equator and within sight of the Southern Cross, it is so cold and wet here that we wear thick tweeds and shooting boots, imagining ourselves on the Scottish moors. The reason for this rather absurd state of affairs is that Addis Ababa is 8,000 ft. above the sea. While there is heavy, tropical heat at Djibouti, the nearest port in French Somaliland, here one might well be in the Highlands of Scotland. With lovely, bright and sunny mornings, the thunderstorms flash and crash every afternoon, and the rain descends in torrents. Nobody seems to mind, but nobody seems to mind anything in Addis Ababa, even the prospect of war with Italy.

When in the morning the Ethiopian servant opens the great French windows looking on to the balcony, the sounds outside are those of a barrack square. Bugles and whistles compete with one another, while squads are drilled by the familiar words of command. Round the corner a famous negro airman, now an Abyssinian colonel, bellows at squads of Abyssinian volunteers whom he tries to instruct in physical training. Although the regular army is fitted out with khaki uniform and Mauser rifles, the majority of the soldiers, known as Government troops, seem to wear and carry what they please. Most of them are clothed in a mixture of white "Jodhpur" breeches and a Roman toga, but the assortment of arms is beyond belief.

There are rifles of every European make, both ancient and modern, from relics of the battles of Königgrätz and Sedan to the latest products of the armament factories. A man's ammunition seldom fits his rifle, and many have a variety of cartridges most of which are useless to them. But a charge by these men, led by a savage-looking notable with a flashing scimitar, is a terrifying sight; and a specially savage onslaught was carried out the other day for the benefit of the American film photographers.

Although Addis Ababa is a primitive capital, relying chiefly on the hyænas for its sanitation, it possesses a modern hotel and an almost luxurious cinema. In the cinema, where the page boys are as smartly turned out as any in London, war films figure largely in the programme. Fortunately the seats are most comfortable, and sleep is easy if the fleas permit. But, while European luxuries are very expensive, the produce of the country is absurdly cheap. The taxis are luxurious saloon cars, the distances are enormous, and the lowest fare is about 5s. 6d. On the other hand, a good pony can be bought for about £3 10s., a sheep for 3s., 200 eggs for 1s. 6d., and six chickens for 1s.

The Abyssinian capital is one of those annoying, spread-out places, extending for miles on all sides, the Legation quarter being about five miles from the centre of the town. While a few streets *were* asphalted at the time of the coronation of the Emperor in 1930, the remainder are nothing more than rocky causeways of an ankle-straining variety. Along these so-called thoroughfares pass Abyssinian notables, mounted on mules and followed by their slaves and retainers, making their way through an incessant stream of natives of every tribe of the Empire. Almost everyone, from the highest to the lowest, has a pleasing courtesy and a ready smile. But finding an address in Addis Ababa is a difficult matter. You start off with a boy who says he knows the way. Shortly, he is joined by another boy, and a little later by a third informant. Then one or two others think they will join the party. And this process continues until you have a small army following you, none of whom really know the way. Finally, they all start making enquiries, and by this means you usually find someone who can take you to your destination. But there is no clamouring for *baksheesh*, although a little remuneration is quietly received with thanks.

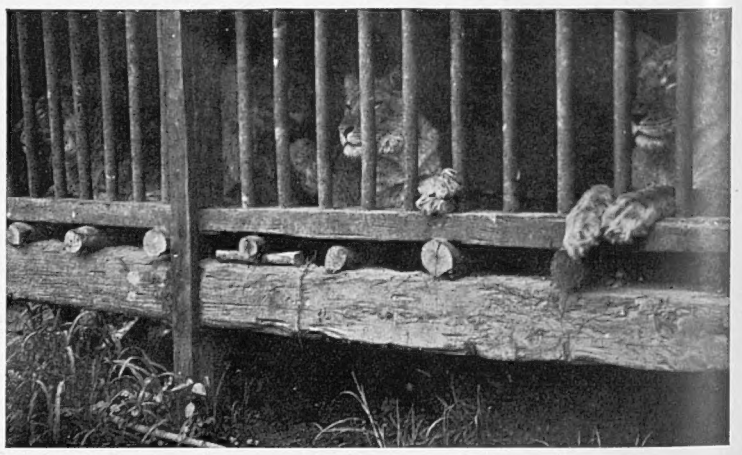


STREET SCENE: Abyssinian soldiers resting in the centre of the road when on their way to their parade ground on the outskirts of the Ethiopian capital

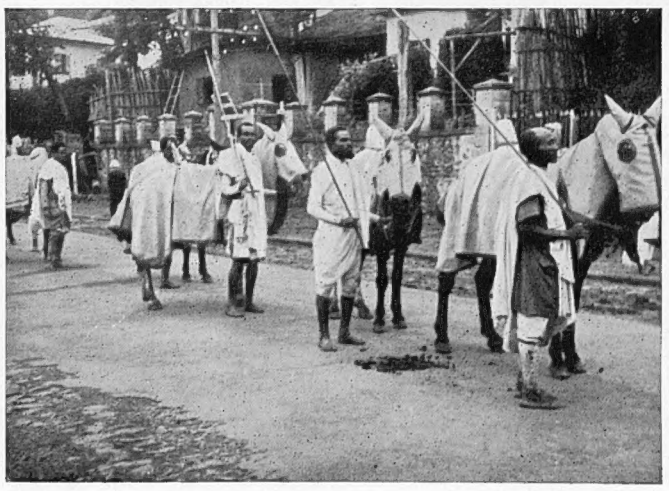
The Legation quarter is as different from the main part of the town as can be imagined. There the diplomatic missions of the various European nations live in their self-contained compounds of considerable beauty. The British Legation, where the Minister has his mounted escort of Bengal Lancers, is like an English country house situated in a nicely wooded park, the only Abyssinian characteristic being the cone-shaped cottages of the legation staff. The Diplomatic Corps live a life which is entirely European, with polo, racing and other sports. But outside these compounds the life is that of the Middle Ages. A feudal system prevails, slavery is universal, and the dead often provide food for the hyænas. Yet Abyssinia is a Christian country in a barbaric sense, and has religious customs that have not changed since the earliest times.

The Emperor Haile Selassie is a man of great sincerity, who has a mentality not usually associated with an Eastern country whose traditions are those of violence, disruption, and lack of government. Surrounded as the Emperor is by conditions comparable with those of the Ottoman Empire forty years ago, it is astonishing that he should be so advanced in his ideas. He is clever and calculating, and has a fair knowledge of European thought. He is a hard worker, often keeping his ministers fully occupied from five or six in the morning till midnight. But he keeps things so much in his own hands that ministers have been known to go to foreign legations for information about their own country. As in his audience-room hangs a portrait of Abraham Lincoln, he evidently regards himself as a believer in the ideas which we in the West think to be right. Yet government in the European sense is completely absent. The village has its head man, and the district its sub-governor, who practically pays himself by forced labour and the collection of taxes; while the nearest approach to a police force consists of peasant soldiers, who give their military service in exchange for the holding of land.

Yet the authority of the Emperor has been increased by the use of aeroplanes and machine guns, and there is no longer any doubt as to his power over the local Rases, or Chiefs. Men who were formerly kings in their own country are now under the Emperor's thumb in Addis Ababa. While the extension of telegraph and telephone should do much to increase the powers of the central government, this is more than counterbalanced by the absence of roads. News from the outlying districts travels very slowly, and usually reaches London long before it is known in Addis Ababa. Hence the authorities here know very little of what is happening elsewhere.



THE EMPEROR'S PETS: Lionesses behind the bars of their wooden cage in the grounds of the palace



ETHIOPIAN CAVALRY: Soldiers with their mounts—a picture which illustrates the primitive character of the greater part of the Emperor's army. The men carry spears—weapons which they handle with extraordinary skill

Some of the practices of this country carry the mind back to the earliest days of English history, others to times long before that. Not long ago a foreign consul received from an Abyssinian notable a present of sheep, other live stock, and two slaves. Murderers are sent out in chains to collect money with which to buy their release. Those who die of disease in the prisons are buried 2 ft. deep in a field, and that same evening the hyænas can be heard crunching their remains. The day in Addis Ababa closes with a strange concert: the roaring of the Emperor's lions in the old palace, the sordid noise of hyænas and jackals blended with the yelping of pariah dogs, and the occasional cry of some hunted beast.

Seaside and Countryside

Some Pictures from the Provinces

"OH, HAPPY BAND OF PILGRIMS": The Rev. H. W. G. Kenrick of Holy Trinity, Hoxton, leaving the church with members of his congregation when they started out on a 100-mile walk to Norfolk to visit the shrine of Our Lady at Walsingham. They were accompanied for a short distance by the choir

THE PULPIT ON THE SANDS: A scene on the beach at Frinton, Essex, where the Children's Special Service Mission has been holding services during the past few weeks. There have been quite large attendances

THE ECONOMIC HOLIDAY: Camping is becoming increasingly popular these days, and this camp overlooking Torbay, Devonshire, is only one of many in the West of England that have been crowded during August. Many motorists brought caravans

IN THE CAUSE OF CHARITY: "Brenda," a twenty-nine-year-old war horse belonging to Captain Dupre Lance of Hyfield, Sussex, and her companion "Josephine" being given an enthusiastic send off as they started out on a 500-mile tour of the southern counties of England during which they are collecting money for the endowment fund of the Royal Veterinary College Hospital. People are being invited to place donations in the nosebag

THE TEAZEL HARVEST: A fine crop ready for cutting, at Hatch Beauchamp, near Taunton, Somerset, and (*left*) some of the teazel heads tied to poles after gathering on a farm near Cheltenham

The teazel, which is a half herbaceous and half shrubby exogenous plant, has been used from the earliest days in the woollen mills of the industrial North as a means of raising the nap on cloth. No mechanical contrivance has yet been found to equal it, the hooked points and the elasticity of the bracts being admirably adapted for the purpose. The plant, which thrives mostly on the Continent, is also cultivated with considerable success in Somerset, Gloucestershire, and Yorkshire. The seed is sown in March, but the heads are not ready to be cut until August of the following year

WOULD-BE WARWICKS: Three European statesmen who are planning to restore the monarchy in their respective countries. *Left*—General G. Kondylis, the Greek War Minister, who, like the Prime Minister, is an ardent royalist. *Centre* Don José Gil Robles, a member of the Government and one of the most outstanding personalities in Spanish politics, who may at any time come out in open support of the candidature for the throne of the Prince of the Asturias, third son of ex-King Alfonso. *Right*—General Julius Goemboes, Prime Minister of Hungary since 1932, who is pro-Habsburg but does not believe in a joint Austro-Hungarian monarchy. He favours the claim of the Archduke Albrecht, uncle of the Archduke Otto

King-Making Extraordinary

Men who Hold Power in their Respective Countries but who are Openly and Avowedly Working for the Return of Monarchy

By FERDINAND TUOHY

IT may have escaped many people's notice that the present attempted king-making in process in several countries bears one common and historically unique characteristic. King-makers of the past (so far as one has been able to determine) were wont to do their work while in opposition to the Government of the day. The remarkable feature of current king-making is that in all four cases before us, Hungary, Austria, Greece, and Spain, our would-be twentieth-century emulators of General Monk or Warwick, are not only with the Government of the day, but the heads or virtual heads of it and, what is more, that these Premiers or their ilk who are openly and avowedly working for the return of monarchy hold power under Republican regimes! (The Hungarian Regency excepted, though in Admiral Horthy there is not much removed from a presidential figurehead *pro tem*.)

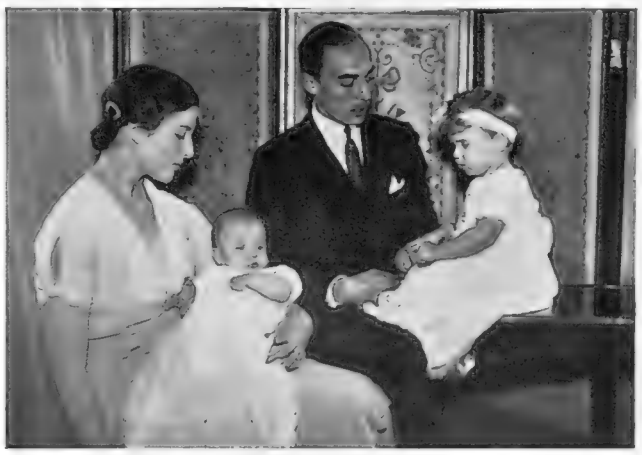
Julius Goemboes, Prime Minister of Hungary since 1932, makes no bones about what he desires to do. He wants the crown of St. Stephen taken from its iron-bound oaken chest and worn again. This crown, by the way, has never once been without its daily mounted guard since 1918, as representing the symbol by which Hungary has been ruled all these years. All the lands of Hungary own allegiance to that crown and never to any wearer of it. The chest reposes in a lighted chamber below the Coronation Church in Buda, and is always visible through a grating to the guard on duty. It is in the custody of two officers of the Royal Guard, and every six months, when brother officers take over—all four officers arrayed in white uniforms and cloaks—the chest is solemnly opened for its immemorial contents to be checked. Before being closed away once more, the crown is saluted while the Hungarian national air is played.

The explanation of Goemboes' being as yet unable to realise his desire, he, a former Regular Staff officer and *stramm* Hungarian, is, of course that he remains under restraint of the Peace Treaties. A like restraint in measure explains matters in Austria, but in Greece and Spain local king-makers are free of such handicap.

There is also, no doubt, a second reason why thoroughly ripe Hungary has not yet her evident majority desire. Just who is to wear her Crown? Note that Goemboes the soldier was actually one of those to lead troops against Karl when the latter tried to return in the autumn of 1921. Will Goemboes accept Karl's offered heir? The hard-bitten Premier has been known to observe: "The Habsburgs used to prefer Vienna. We want no dual crown ever again."

In this Goemboes is, curiously, supported in Vienna by Prince Starhemberg, Vice-Chancellor, Heimwehr Chief, and Mussolinian *protégé*. When Baron Wisner, young Otto's Chamberlain in Belgium, was recently asked by M. de St. Jean of the Paris *Journal* if he concurred with Starhemberg "that the existence of the States created in 1918 would be scrupulously respected by the Emperor of Austria from the day he entered the Hofburg," the reply came, "Without a doubt. Furthermore, I am of those who consider that the old Austrian Empire perished from the constitutional vice of dualism."

Otto's official mouthpiece renouncing dualism! Does this point to the eventual likelihood of separate kings in Budapest and Vienna? There are many who are certain that Goemboes has his candidate in training and that he is not Otto but Otto's uncle, the Archduke Albrecht. Aged thirty-eight, Albrecht was claimant to the Hungarian throne until 1930 when he queered things by marrying a divorced woman. On his thus losing caste he sent a message of fidelity to Otto. Recently he undivorced himself and last month was gazetted again into the Hungarian Army as a major.



WILL THEY EVER LIVE AT THE TUILERIES? The Count and Countess of Paris and two of their children, Princess Isabelle and Prince Henri. The Count is the only son of Jean, Duke of Guise, the senior representative of the Bourbon-Orléans family and the chief claimant to the throne of France

Passing adjacently to Vienna we find Chancellor Schuschnigg vying with Vice-Chancellor Starhemberg in his devotion to the monarchist cause. Rather, in Austria's case, may it be more helpful to determine who is *not* in favour of Otto's return! The Austrian Nazis are not, seeing in that event the death of their hopes of an Hitlerian Anschluss. It is not so certain whether the Socialists are as anti-Habsburg as they used to be. It is gradually dawning on them that the ultimate choice must be between Otto and Hitler, and that the former would be incomparably better for them.

Again, foreign opposition is notably lessening. The only adamant No! that still remains hails from Belgrade which fears that a Habsburg revival would set the rebellious Croats really alight. Carol and Titulesco are not at all so "anti" as they were; nor is Benesh, for the extremely good reason that he would prefer an Otto behind him in Vienna to a representative of Hitler, meaning the Czechs caught in a Nazi nut-cracker. France follows rather than leads the Little Entente in the whole matter.

Incidentally, another novelty of all this king-making is the modernity with which the candidates are carrying themselves. "If you want us," they seem to be saying, "you jolly well say so! And by a majority vote! No more *coups d'état*—not likely!" Both Otto and the former King George have said as much; as for Albrecht and Juan, they have hardly as yet trodden the stage.

Otto's comportment, said to be greatly due to his mother, should rank as a classic. He is given the freedom of 800 Austrian communes. His estates are returned to him. The law of banishment is removed. His answer endures: "I'll never return to Austria except as Sovereign by the expressed majority will."

To M. de St.-Jean (in the only interview ever recorded) he recently added: "I was only six when I left but I remember many things. In 1918, the Emperor Karl installed us in Hungary in order to show that he had confidence in the issue of events. They were firing quite close to the chateau where we were. That is my memory of the Revolution. I also remember the funeral of the Emperor Francis Joseph and the coronation of my father. . . . Since 1929 they write to me a lot, my People. It isn't so much photographs that they want as advice."

Advice? Well, maybe Otto is in a position to give some advice. Did he not select as his theses for his doctorate of political and social sciences "Austrian Peasant Customs and Succession Rights," and "The Indivisibility of Austrian Rural Property"? Clever work, that selection. Soon 358 pages are to be published in book form in Austria.

So much has been written about the attempted Greek restoration that only a bare outline is necessary here. A plebiscite is to be taken on November 15 and, if it shows a Monarchist majority of 60 per cent. or over, King George has said he will go back to Athens. I have reasons for knowing that he does not want to do any such thing, even if the majority were far higher; but duty calls, and not only duty to Greece but duty to the king idea generally, which has received a decided fillip from the Jubilee events of this year in the capital where former King George has long settled and is a guest in august quarters.

Of Greek king-makers there is an embarrassment. First, we have the red-hot royalist, General Metaxos. Next, there is the pivotal figure in the whole drama, General Kondylis, who when he some time ago quit the republican regime and came out for monarchy was bitterly assailed. His reply was: "No one thought any the worse of General Monk for having restored the English monarchy only a short time after he had fought against it." Kondylis is said to be extremely astute and to have a genius for knowing the deep-down current will of that fickle body, the multitude.

Thirdly, we have the more cautious Prime Minister, M. Tsaldaris, also an avowed monarchist, but one who prefers to wait and see the ballot, and, more important, is said to be determined that this shall be without pressure and above board.

Fourthly, there are repeated rumours that M. Venizelos, in his Paris apartment where he has to lie so low for personal reasons, is urging his remaining supporters back in Greece to vote royalist (one explanation being that the change of regime would bring an inevitable political amnesty with resultant quashing of the death sentence on the turbulent old Cretan).

Passing to Spain, royalist happenings are less

(Continued on p. 368)

News from France, Rumania, and Spain

The Blessing of the Nets at Boulogne, and Other Matters

RELIGIOUS PAGEANTRY IN FRANCE: Scenes in the city during the procession and annual ceremony of "Blessing the Nets," which was held a few days ago at Boulogne. *Top left*—Daughters of the fisherfolk walking behind the banner of Our Lady. *Top right*—A statue of the Virgin and Child borne by girls in white dresses. *Above on left*—Sailors in the procession. *Above on right*—The Bishop of Boulogne blessing the fishermen's nets

TRYING THEIR LUCK: The five pictures reproduced above were taken at a recent bull-fight in Madrid when six matadors, who had yet to win their spurs, opposed six bulls which were not regarded as good enough to appear in the arena at first-class meetings. These encounters vastly entertained the crowd that gathered to watch them, but in nearly every case the bulls had the best of it, and once or twice the young matadors had the narrowest possible escapes on account of their lack of experience and faulty technique. The spectacle clearly showed what a world of difference there is between the desperate risks taken with such an air of quiet confidence by the star performers of the ring, and the crude but possibly even more dangerous efforts of the novices

DIVINELY INSPIRED: Petrache Lupu (*extreme left of picture*) attending an open-air church service and (*above on right*) driving in a car with friends. This Rumanian peasant, who is now the central figure in a great revivalist movement, claims to have talked with God when he was tending his sheep on the hillside near the little village of Maglavit. He states that the Lord appeared before him, warning him of the evil of his ways and counselling him not only to attend church more regularly but to assist his fellow-men in the right path. Tremendous religious fervour has been aroused by this simple shepherd's tale and people from all over Rumania are flocking to hear him speak

"The Man who Spoke with God"

The Story of Petrache Lupu, the Rumanian Shepherd

On right—A GATHERING OF THE FAITHFUL: Peasants assembled at Maglavit after hearing an address delivered by Lupu at the shrine which has been built in his honour. Many of these folk had trudged for miles across the country to meet the shepherd whom they believe to be divinely inspired

ON A CORNISH PILCHARD BOAT

How the Fisherfolk of Mousehole Eke Out a Livelihood from the Sea

Pictures by A. V. Swaebe

A QUAINT OLD CORNISH PORT: A view of Mousehole—a small and picturesque harbour which was once the scene of a thriving pilchard fishing industry but where there are now only about twelve large boats actively engaged in the work. The reason for this decline is accounted for by the fact that the inshore food of the fish has been interfered with by the introduction of petrol-driven craft, and as a result of the fouling of the water the pilchards have to be sought farther out to sea

REWARD OF A HARD NIGHT'S WORK: *Above and below*—Members of the crew of the Mousehole pilchard boat *Penzer* counting the fish and placing them in baskets. There are two hundred to a basket, and when the buyers' prices range between 20s. and 30s. per thousand the fishermen are fairly well satisfied. Of recent years, however, they have sometimes been asked to accept as little as 12s. 6d.

DAWN AND LAND IN SIGHT: Sorting the last of the catch while running for harbour. Gulls are circling round the boat and waiting to swoop on broken pilchards which are thrown away

MEN WHO GO DOWN TO THE SEA: The crew of the pilchard boat *Penzer* pose for a picture in front of the chart room of their fifteen-ton craft

Pilchard fishing commences at the end of summer, but to-day there are comparatively few men engaged in the industry, and the meagre rewards they receive seem hardly commensurate with the hardships they have to endure and the risks they have to run. Indeed it is difficult for a landlubber to visualise what these men go through as their little boats pitch like corks on the rough seas, with waves breaking over them as they toil by the light of their acetylene flares. It is always a period of suspense waiting for the first nets to come up, for one can then get an idea of the size the catch is going to be. Hour after hour the nets are hauled in without a stop. Occasionally one of the men shouts out to frighten the gulls that are swooping over the net and taking the fish before the fishermen are able to get them out, but for the greater part the work is carried on in silence, a silence broken perhaps by a grunt as the men change places at the roller to haul the nets, and by the endless calling of the sea birds. At last the nets are in, the first grey streaks of dawn appear in the sky, and the engines are set full speed ahead. Leaving the captain on deck to steer for harbour, the crew go below to the tiny stuffy cabin where they drink pints of steaming tea before gratefully turning into their bunks for the run to port.

HOP PICKING

In the Garden of England

IN A KENTISH HOP GARDEN: Pickers at work on the Paddock Wood estate of Messrs. Whitbread, the well-known London brewers, where the harvest is now in full swing. The prospects for the season are particularly good and, as usual, thousands of people from the East End of London have been flocking into Kent to gather the crop. Special trains were chartered to carry them at reduced rates

"FILLING A POKE": Hops being poured into a sack after picking; another scene during the harvest at Paddock Wood. An effort has been made this year to improve the accommodation of those engaged in the work, and the facilities for medical attention, which have long been a credit to the public spirited activities of voluntary societies, are again organised on a wide scale

Pictures by William Davis

LOADING AND DRYING: Sacks of freshly-gathered hops being placed on a wagon (*left*) for conveyance to the oast house (*right*), where they are laid out on the floor, beneath which are open stoves or furnaces. The drying process, which must be done immediately after picking in order to preserve the crop, lasts only a few hours, after which the hops are taken off the kiln, allowed to cool, and are then packed very tightly into pockets, 6 ft. long and 2 ft. wide, and weighing 1½ cwt.

WHILE PARENTS WORK: A child sleeps peacefully as her father and elder sister carry on with the task of harvesting. An intimate glimpse of life in the hop gardens

Oast houses at Paddock Wood—one of the most important centres of hop production in Kent

WHERE THE CROP IS DRIED

THE ROCKY ROUTE TO MAGDALA: British troops of Lord Napier's force which was sent against King Theodore of Ethiopia in 1867, crossing difficult terrain on their 400-mile march. The guns, it will be noted, were dismantled and carried on the backs of elephants

A Page from Ethiopian History

Napier's March to Magdala

When British Troops Penetrated 400 Miles into the Heart of Abyssinia

By LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR GEORGE MacMUNN, K.C.B.

WITH Abyssinia occupying the front row of public interest, and with Italy contemplating a campaign in which logistics will play the principal part, it is not out of place to recall the occasion of the British expedition 400 miles into the interior. As it was quite one of the most difficult operations in which the British Army was ever engaged, and was carried out before the eyes of all civilisation, it is not a story that we should forget.

We ourselves in 1867 had little intercourse with the country, but a few years before (1848) had located a consul, Mr. Plowden, at Massowah for the benefit of trade and friendly relations. A new ruler then rose to be head of the greater part of the country, an uneducated but forceful soldier of fortune with a strain of madness, under the title of King Theodore, who had established a capital and fortress on the lofty precipitous hilltops of Magdala. Consul Plowden paid him a visit of congratulation in 1855 and was well received. Before long however Plowden was ordered by the King to return to the coast. Theodore had been in correspondence with the British Government and among other things asked for a supply of arms.

The British were recovering from the stress of the Crimeaand Mutiny, the new era of expansion had hardly commenced, the Suez Canal was nearing completion but could not yet admit large ships. The Government was somewhat dilatory in deciding on its policy but sent the then consul at Massowah, Captain Cameron, to Magdala. As Cameron had no answer to the King's communications, Theodore threw the consul and sixty other Europeans in his dominions into prison at Magdala. Negotiations for release were fruitless and a British mission of three officers was sent to demand the release. They too, shared the same fate, and then the British Government, very reluctantly, very dilatorily, stirred by public opinion, took the only course. It decided to send a military expedition under the famous Sir Robert Napier, an officer of Bengal Engineers, who was Commander-in-Chief in Bombay. A brigade from Bengal, several corps of the Bombay army, five British corps and four British batteries formed the expedition, to be grouped into formations when it was found what the terrain, of which we knew very little since Cameron was a prisoner, was to be like.

But the Army had been through a resurrection in the second year of the Crimea and the logistical trials of the Indian Mutiny. Staffs and transport officers knew their job, and to Zula (not to be confused with Zuila on the coast of British Somaliland), close to Massowah, were directed engineering material, water plant, engineers, and transport in sufficient and suitable quantities. In fact we had never made war in that efficient manner before. Magdala lay some 400 miles due south of Zula, by a goat rather than a mule track, which climbed desperate gullies and gorges, and crossed passes varying from 8,000 to 12,000 ft. above the sea. It also lay some 130 miles east of Lake Tsana. Addis Ababa is 180 miles farther south, and is normally approached from the east.

From the sea, after twenty miles of scrub-clad plain intersected with dry water-courses, the route entered the hills. Water was very scarce, but the most valuable corps in the force, the 23rd Sikh Pioneers, had the forethought to enlist well-sinkers. The penetration into the deeper mountains was organised very thoroughly. In advance marched the pioneer force — sappers, pioneers, and escort—followed by the advanced brigade, and then staged behind, the main body. Five cavalry corps were with the force, including the 3rd Dragoon Guards, largely required for road patrol, the 1/4th, 26th, 33rd, and 45th Foot, and a host of Indian corps, most of them, British and English, being required for garrisons and mobile columns en route. The artillery consisted of two mountain batteries armed with "Steel Penns," so named after Major Penn, who commanded one battery, a steel gun of only 150 lb., a 9-pr. and 12-pr. Armstrong battery, both carried on elephants.

The tribes on the route were admirably handled and supplies handsomely paid for, so that not a shot was fired on the 400 miles up or the return. The advance had begun early in January, and after 300 miles had been covered and a good pack road made, it was organised for the final advance on Magdala, where Theodore's army was concentrated. After 118 miles more the Delanta plateau was reached by the beginning of April. Below lay the Bachilo River and, towering thousands of feet above them, the very Magdala. Below the rocky citadel were two plateaus, that of the Selassie on which was Theodore's army, and that of Fahla with the spur of Islamgie on which were his guns. Down into the gorges, up the lofty spurs, ran the King's Road. Down and up went the army, and near the crests masses of Abyssinians rushed forth on the artillery and convoys on the Arrogee flats. Protected by the 4th Foot and the 23rd Pioneers, the former armed with the Snider, the latter with the muzzle-loading Enfield, a fierce fight ensued. Bayonets rang on sword and spear, but the Abyssinians were driven off with heavy loss and disappeared. That was the end of it. Next morning the troops scaled the crags of Magdala, to find but a few guards, and Theodore dead by his own hand. The European prisoners were safe, after seeing 300 Abyssinian prisoners beheaded before their eyes. They were hurried to the coast and, telling the chiefs that the rest was their affair, Lord Napier, as he now became, drew off his forces as expeditiously as he had advanced. The staff officer responsible for most of the "Q" bundbast was Major Fred Roberts, V.C., late of the Bengal Artillery. A special medal was granted, of unusual design, worn with a red ribbon with broad white edges. There are probably one or two veterans still alive who wear it.

THE STORMING OF THE CITADEL: British artillery besieging Magdala where King Theodore had imprisoned Captain Cameron, the British consul at Massowah, and over sixty other Europeans

ALL WAS LOST SAVE HONOUR: When Lord Napier's troops reached the heights of Magdala they found that the king had died by his own hand rather than surrender to the invader whose ire he had aroused by his despotic attitude

The Italian Army Manœuvres

King Victor Emmanuel and Signor Mussolini at Bolzano, Near the Austrian Border

THE SILVER-TONGUED ORATOR: Il Duce standing in his car to address the crowds which turned out to greet him when he arrived at Bolzano to witness the military manœuvres. Needless to say he received a vociferous welcome from the populace

A TOUR OF INSPECTION: Signor Mussolini seen with members of his staff at Bolzano, Province of Trentino, in the centre of the "war zone"

THE KING OF ITALY WITH MARSHAL BADEGLIO: His Majesty listening to an explanation of the manœuvres which were carried out in mountainous country by over two hundred thousand troops. *Inset on left*—Another study of Signor Mussolini in his car

STUDYING THE LIE OF THE LAND: The King with members of his staff

THE presence of both the King and the Dictator at last week's Alpine manœuvres in the region of the Brenner Pass emphasised the importance of this great show of strength on the part of the Italian forces, which was quite evidently designed to prove to Europe that, though Italy might have sent a quarter of a million men to East Africa on foreign service, she has still man-power enough to defend her own frontiers if the need should arise. Some observers of the political situation claimed that this concentration of troops on the Austrian border also had some connection with a possible Habsburg restoration in Vienna, but they were evidently misled by what was no more than an ill-founded though persistent rumour.

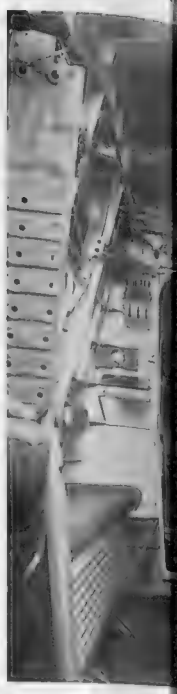
ON THE FIELD OF "BATTLE": Signor Mussolini and King Victor Emmanuel in conversation after they had examined together the positions where the opposing armies were to come into contact later in the day. Both have been extremely busy and this was their first meeting for some weeks

THE FASTEST TWIN-ENGINED BRITISH MILITARY FLYING BOAT: The new Vickers-Supermarine reconnaissance machine which is now on test by the Royal Air Force. It is of all-metal construction, it has two Bristol-Pegasus engines and it can fly with one of these out of action, and its chief feature is the extraordinarily comfortable and spacious quarters provided for the crew

THE PILOT'S COCKPIT: Another interior view on the *Stranraer* showing (*on left*) part of the control wheel, one of the rudder pedals, and the lever for adjusting the height of the pilot's seat. The entrance in the background leads towards a gunner's cockpit in the nose of the machine

PROTECTO
TRADE

The Giant,
Ocean-Goin
which are Re
to our Imp



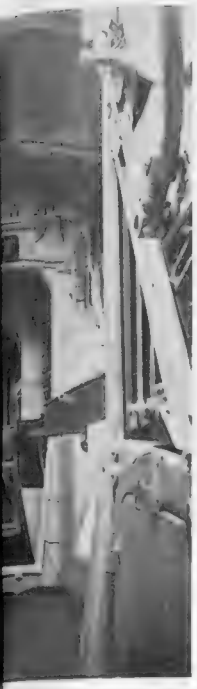
LOOKING AFT: An
commodious cab
Vickers-Supermar
the foreground
gator's room, wit
first doorway is

THE MAIN CONTROL ROOM: The navigator's and engineer's compartment on the *Sarafand*. On the right is a folding chart table, and on the left is the instrument-panel from which the six engines can be regulated

SINCE the early days of aviation flying boats have been rather a speciality of the British aircraft industry. First with wooden hulls and to-day with hulls of metal, plated with special "Alclad" metal sheeting consisting of a layer of duralumin between layers of pure aluminium, our constructors have worthily carried on the tradition of centuries of British boatbuilders. To the art of boatbuilding has had to be welded the art of designing an efficient aeroplane so that the finished machine shall be efficient in both elements. The aim of our constructors as briefly stated in a slogan of the Vickers-Supermarine Company, one of our

RS OF OUR ROUTES

Long-Range, Flying Boats, arded as Vital rial Defences



erior view showing the accommodation on the flying boat *Stranraer*. In the engineer's and navi on the right through the wireless operator's seat

THE ONLY ONE OF ITS KIND: The giant Short *Sarafand*, which is the largest military flying boat in operation. It has six 930-h.p. engines, carries a crew of ten, has a petrol load of over two thousand gallons, and weighs 31 tons. Experts predict that in the near future flying boats of four and five times this size will be built, and that they will not only be capable of travelling long distances at high speeds without refuelling but of riding out the severest storms when on the sea. The only two real obstacles to progress in this direction are the lack of moderately light engines of sufficient power and the lack of money for experimenting with craft of this type. There are few people, however, who deny the superiority of the flying boat over the land machine for patrolling and protecting our Imperial trade routes

REFUELLING: A flying boat being prepared for a flight at Appledore, North Devon, where it was the centre of attraction when it paid a visit to the port during the August regatta

leading manufacturers, is to produce "a boat which will fly rather than an aeroplane which will float." British boats are therefore essentially built for seaworthiness and to be able to operate from water which is far from calm, yet at the same time to have good performance in the air.

For an island nation with a world-wide Empire and long trade routes to protect, flying boats are a logical development. They are independent of prepared aerodromes, for the sea provides ready made aerodromes of vast extent, and they can use existing harbours and anchorages as bases for their operations. The modern flying boat is no fair weather craft and it can be anchored out for long periods and in general treated like an ordinary vessel. For flying long distances over the sea the flying boat is supreme over the land machine or seaplane for in the event of a forced descent the land machine is likely to become a total loss, and the seaplane with its slender floats can survive only if the water is comparatively calm. The big boat on the other hand can weather quite heavy seas, and with the increase of size now contemplated will become increasingly able to ride out really rough water.

If anyone cannot see the why and the wherefore of flying boats, let him imagine himself far out to sea in a land machine and contemplate the consequences of being forced down on the water. Let him make his choice between a machine with wheels, which if forced down may crash and must sink, and a machine built to be a boat as well as an aeroplane with the ability to ride out quite considerable waves, and if partial engine failure prevents it from staying in the air can use its remaining power to progress on the water.

To-day, flying boats are used for coastal defence at home and are stationed along our trade routes to the East. They can carry a heavy military load of bombs, several machine guns and even a 1½-pounder quick-firing gun. With living quarters for their crew they are developing fast into "destroyers" of the air. The modern service boat has

(Continued on p. 368)

A GUN POSITION IN THE "STRANRAER": Note the ammunition drums attached to the ceiling, the folding bed on the left, and the vice on the right which is part of the equipment for making emergency repairs

THE POWER OF THE "PATRONATO"

Spain's Vast Travel Organisation and its Work in Encouraging Foreign Visitors

How a Nation-wide Chain of Hotels is Being Established by the Government

THE ALBERGUE DE QUINTAMAR, NEAR TOLEDO: One of the many hotels which have recently been built on the Spanish highways by the Patronato Nacional de Turismo—Spain's efficient travel organisation which has as its head the Under Secretary of State to the President

By CHARLES GRAVES

AN incongruous country is Spain. You will see a gaily decorated hearse motoring at fifty miles an hour and then a fire engine doing a sedate thirty on its way to a conflagration. Still more peculiar is the fact that when the Government goes into trade it makes a resounding success, however inefficient it may be in the more usual duties of a government. Compare this with England where almost anything that the Government touches in industry fails to be anything but extravagant, and full of all the mistakes which a monopoly breeds so often.

It will make the mouth of the Travel Association of Great Britain water plentifully to learn that its opposition number in Spain, the Patronato Nacional de Turismo, is given over £100,000 a year to spend in encouraging foreign visitors to spend their money in the Peninsula. What is (literally) more, it was given £400,000 a year for the first two or three years. Contrast this with the beggarly £4,000 or £5,000 a year that the Travel Association of Great Britain is given. But where does the £100,000 a year go, when one considers that owing to the rumpus about Captain Kane there have been fewer visitors from England than almost ever before?

The answer is—almost entirely in a chain of State hotels. These are of two sorts. They are either brand new and gay, or they are ancient monasteries and castles, re-jigged throughout in the way of baths and so forth, but with all the original furniture and armour and local colour left intact. Even in Spain, of course, it is necessary to temper the wind to the shorn lamb. In other words, the State hotels are erected or renovated only in districts where it is considered that the existing accommodation (if any) is inadequate for the demands of good-class visitors. The new buildings, all designed by Spain's most brilliant young architect, Señor Dominquez, are seven in number with five more in course of erection. They are called albergues; the others are known as paradors.

So far, five have been put in commission at Oropesa, Merida, Ciudad Rodrigo, Ubeda, and Gredos. There is also a sixth at Santillana which is known as the Gil Blas Parador and is subsidised without being entirely dependent on the Patronato Nacional. Alas for my own pocket and comfort, in all my 2,000 miles of Spain, I have encountered only the latter, and the albergue at Aranda del Duero. The reason for this is that the authorities decided to erect their chain of hotels largely in the South, in the old cities where the cathedral-bound were most likely to arrive in the largest packs—while I chose to inspect the North, Centre and West.

The actual organisation consists of a head office in Madrid with fifty branches in Spain where there is at least one assistant who speaks fluent English, French, and German. The titular head is the Under-Secretary of State to the President, Señor Zamorra. The actual, active head is Alfredo Bauer, the former head of the ill-fated Banca Bauer, who thinks that by right the organisation should be a section of the Ministry of Commerce, being evidently responsible for large quantities of invisible exports.

The money granted now comes out of the budget. Formerly—at its foundation in 1928—it was supported by the obligatory insurance money paid by everyone who travelled on the State railways. But a clever, harassed Chancellor of the Exchequer looking for new ways to balance the Spanish budget soon raided this source of income.

At first the organisation was very inefficient. Anyone who said that he was a Tourism expert was given a fat job. To-day it is run with brilliance and economy—that is, internally, in Spain. For the bulk of the money is spent inside the country instead of in advertising the national charms in foreign countries both in the periodicals and by means of really attractive offices and information centres. Next year, I fancy, things will be different.

Meantime the power of the Patronato is considerable; when I complained that my sleep had been disturbed by a cock which crowed almost all night from the sanctuary of a nunnery 50 yards from my hotel in Madrid, Alfredo Bauer at once took the matter in hand and I am quite sure that the cock is now no more. The Patronato is also busy with a new golf course at Malaga, a difficult matter to effect when the average Spanish Cabinet Minister thinks it is a kind of shuffleboard or ping pong, easily contrived inside an area of a couple of hundred yards. The Patronato also controls some of the best salmon reaches in Spain, and the best salmon reaches are very, very good indeed. I instance the River Nansa, every yard of which is booked for the next eighteen months by English and other foreign visitors. Another example of the power of the Patronato is given by the peremptory letter addressed to a Frenchman who, mindful of the pulling-power (touristically) of Lourdes, decided to invest money in a spa in North Spain. The idea was to have cures and occasional miracles. What did the Patronato do? Well, a brief message was sent to the enterprising Frenchman. It read thus: "If the Madonna shows any sign of appearing at—— you will go immediately to prison."

But come with me to the albergue at Aranda del Duero. It is smack on the National Road, number one, from San Sebastian to Madrid (being 100 miles distant from the capital). Like its fellows it cost £5,000 to erect. It has eight bedrooms containing twelve beds, two bathrooms, and garage for our cars. The building is white and only two storeys high. There is a lounge with a modern ingle-nook, the blue chairs by the fireplace contrasting with the red settees elsewhere. There is a baby library and a wireless playing a tango from Madrid. The restaurant is half oval in shape with shaded bay windows, scarlet chairs, spotless napkins, and with all the seats and divans washable.

Our luncheon consisted of admirable hors-d'œuvres—artichokes, pâté maison, anchovies, cucumbers, sardines, and so on—œufs Mornay, an admirable under-cut of veal, iced pineapple, fruit, and cheese—in fact quite the best meal I had in Spain, although I stayed or ate at all the most luxurious hotels where at least eight courses are invariably served. Oh, yes, and the vin rosé, although Spanish, was excellent. The waiters were very smart in white jackets and dark blue trousers, and it was noticeable that on the display table there was a particularly good-looking ham; the reason for this is that matadors, who continually call in at this albergue, eat nothing but the best ham that money can buy. Upstairs you are shown over the bedrooms; they are spotlessly clean and full of labour-saving devices, including a kind of grill for your valise. The bathrooms have bidets; the springs of the beds are admirable, and the lighting is concealed.

COMFORT AND CLEANLINESS: A dining-room in one of the new State hotels where for moderate prices well-cooked and well-served meals can be obtained

RESPECT FOR TRADITION: Ancient castles and monasteries have in some instances been converted into State hotels, and although many modern improvements have been made there has been no attempt to discard the old furniture which gives the rooms such character

A HILL-TOP HOTEL: The Parador of the Patronato Nacional, which is beautifully situated in the Sierra de Gredos and is not far from Salamanca

(Continued on p. 368)

DOINGS AT DEAUVILLE

And Two Notabilities at Biarritz

A DAY OF SUNSHINE! Frances Day, the musical comedy star, on the beach

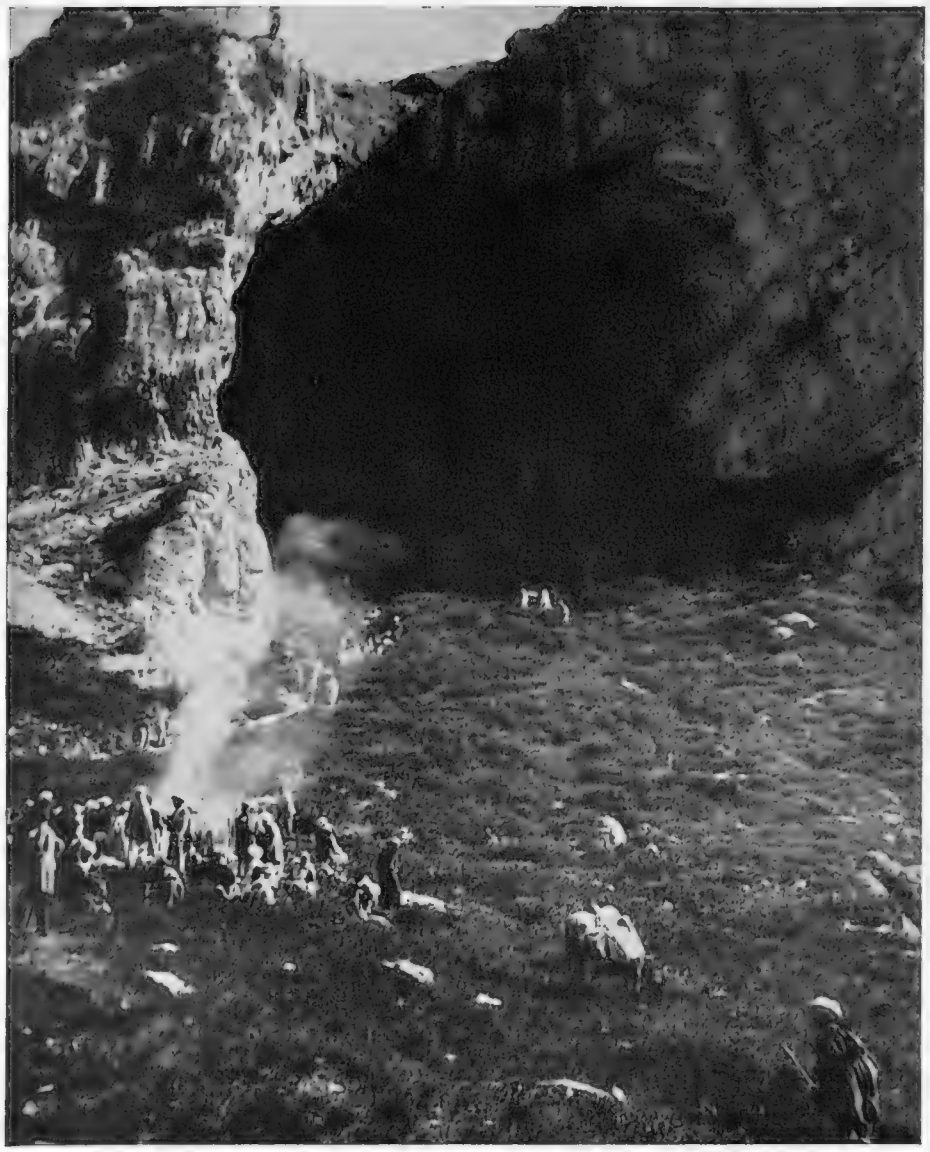
A PECULIAR PET ON THE PLAGE: Madame Haermmerli, who created a great sensation when she appeared with a wild boar on a lead

A GRECIAN MODE: A striking beach costume that attracted tremendous interest as its wearer strolled along the Plage with her two dogs

THE THRILLS OF TRIC-TRAC: *On right*—Mrs. Christian Dufaur, who until her marriage last year was Miss June O'Malley-Keyes, playing backgammon with Mr. Sevastopoulos outside a beach cabin. With them is Miss "Chico" Kilvert. *On left*—Lady Doria Childe, elder daughter of the Duke of Newcastle, in a smart beach suit

SUMMER FASHIONS: *Left*—A fiacre driver takes care of his canine companion, providing him with a neat straw hat and blue spectacles. *Right*—Capes which are being much worn with beach suits this year

CONTRASTING STYLES: The Hon. Mrs. Drogo Montagu and Mrs. O'Malley-Keyes at Biarritz which, on account of the presence of the Prince of Wales who spent part of his holiday there, has been as popular as ever this year



THE CAVE OF AMARNATH: The celebrated place of worship high up in the hills of Kashmir where on the full-moon day of "Sawan," which fell this year on August 14, many hundreds of orthodox Hindus arrive from all parts of India to pray before the self-formed ice-images of the god Shiva and his wife, Parbati. The cave stands at a height of nearly 13,000 ft., and to reach it the pilgrims have to cross extremely difficult terrain

THE SHOULDER PRAM: This is how a devout Hindu carried his son up the rocky, mountain paths of Kashmir, as the child was too young to make the pilgrimage to the cave of Amarnath on foot. Basket chairs are also used by the more wealthy or the infirm pilgrims who are thus transported in comparative comfort over the last sixty or seventy miles of the journey

A PITFALL FOR THE UNWARY: A giant crevasse in the Panchtarni Glacier —a picture that gives some idea of the nature of the country which the pilgrims cross during their journey through the mountains of Kashmir

THE ASCETICS: These men, who wear only a meagre loin cloth, annually make the journey to Amarnath, braving the cold winds on the snow-covered ranges and even bathing in the ice-cold streams

Pilgrimage to Amarnath

Amid the Hills and Glaciers of Kashmir

IN the following note a correspondent of "The Sphere" gives a short account of his experiences at Amarnath during the annual pilgrimage: "In the south-eastern corner of the huge cave which can hold hundreds of pilgrims at a time, the people bowed low before the self-formed Ice-Lingum, the emblem of Shiva, which is believed to wax and wane with the moon, and offered their prayers, with folded hands, after gently placing their offerings at the feet of the ice-image. Two other ice-images inside this cave, one of Parbati (Shiva's wife) and the other of Ganesh (Shiva's son) are also worshipped, and upon looking upon them I could well understand why they have for so long been a cause of wonder and awe, not only to the pilgrims but to men of science. Outside the cave it was interesting to see how a big town of tents of various designs, colours, and sizes had suddenly sprung up with a bazaar and broad street running through the centre, and how at the end of the festival it disappeared almost like magic as the pilgrims packed up for their departure. On the return journey from Amarnath the pilgrims formerly used to come down by way of the Lake of Death, but as the precipitous path is now rather dangerous, and because uncertain climatic conditions in these high altitudes often cause great mortality, the route has lately officially been abandoned by the Kashmir Government"

P. N. K.

Links With the Past

Caves and Dene-holes of Britain

Within 100 yards of a busy highway in the heart of industrial England nineteen people are living in comfort in caves hewn centuries ago from the rock. These dwellings, which are illustrated on the left and below, are situated near Kinver, Staffordshire, and according to their occupants, are extremely comfortable, being warm in winter, delightfully cool in summer, and dry all the year round. One family, the Shaws, have lived in the caves for at least one hundred and twenty years and the nine children of the present owners belong to the fifth generation

A HOME IN "HOLY AUSTIN ROCK": The entrance to one of the cave dwellings near Kinver, Staffs, created hundreds of years ago by some unknown architect and providing to-day a house where such winter problems as leaky roofs and damp walls never trouble the occupants

NATURE PROVIDES A ROOF AND FOUR WALLS: Two further views of the Kinver Cave dwellings showing (*on left*) one of the living rooms in Mrs. Reeves' home and its irregularly shaped ceiling of sandstone which is a brilliant shade of red. *Right*—The entrance to another of the houses. Note the position of the chimney

A NOTABLE FIND IN KENT: An ancient dene-hole (underground chamber attributed to the Danes or other early Northern invaders) was brought to light recently on a housing estate at Crayford. In the picture on the left a member of the inspection party is seen being lowered down the 60-ft. shaft, and (*right*) three of the men at the bottom of the shaft where they discovered six rooms each about 20 ft. by 10 ft. Many specimens of dene-holes have been found in Kent at various times, but opinions are divided as to what they were originally used for. Some say they were dwellings, and others that they were draw-wells for the extraction of chalk for agricultural uses, but the most likely explanation is that they were storehouses for grain. In later times some of these chambers were occupied by smugglers

FRETWORK OF THE SEA: The rocky coast of Teneriffe indented by the pounding of the Atlantic rollers

The Isles of Dogs

The Canary Archipelago, for Centuries the Westernmost Point of the Known World, and To-day an Ideal Holiday-Making Centre

ON THE UPLAND PASTURES: A farmer of Teneriffe with his dog which belongs to a sturdy type which has existed in large numbers on the islands for many centuries and which led King Juba II of Mauretania to call the archipelago "Canaria" — a name derived from the Latin word *canis*

GREEK and Roman mythology gave to their heroes and gods a final abode in the kingdom of the setting sun, and Homer describes in all the charms of verse the discovery and colonisation of the Elysian Fields beyond the pillars of Hercules. Again, Herodotus writes: "the world ends where the sea is no longer navigable in that place where are the Gardens of the Hesperides, where Atlas supports the sky on a mountain as conical as a cylinder."

For centuries tradition and legend sang of the Elysian Fields and the Gardens of the Hesperides, and it is not surprising that when, shortly before Christ, the Romans discovered islands in the extreme west of their world, they should have named them "Insulæ Fortunatæ," and have believed that they had rediscovered the Elysian Fields.

After an expedition sent by King Juba of Mauretania in A.D. 52 to explore the Insulae Fortunatæ, Pliny drew up a report—"The first is called Ombrios *(Palma)* and contains no traces of buildings. There is in it a pool in the midst of mountains and trees like ferrules from which water may be pressed, which is bitter from the black kinds, but from the lighter ones pleasant to drink. The second is called Junonia *(Gomera)*, and contains a small temple built entirely of stone. Near it is another smaller island having the same name. Then comes Capraria *(Hierro)*, which is full of large lizards. Within sight of these islands is Navaria *(Teneriffe)*, so called from the snow and fogs with which it is constantly covered. Not far from Navaria is Canaria *(Gran Canaria)*, so called on account of the great number of large dogs therein."

And there throughout the early Middle Ages one must leave the Insulæ Fortunatæ and their inhabitants, living in a pastoral Arcadia on the western edge of the universe, whilst the rest of the world struggled in the throes of the fall of the Roman Empire and the wars between Christianity and Muhammadanism. It is probable, however, that the more eastern of the islands, at any rate, were visited during this period by Arabian and other traders who, on a clear day, could see from the African coast smoke rising from what they called the island of the two magician brothers, Cheram and Cherham.

Up till now it must have seemed a far cry from the Elysian Fields, the Gardens of the Hesperides, and the Insulæ Fortunatæ to the title of this article, The Isles of Dogs. But although some time in the middle of the fourteenth century we find a certain Louis de la Cerda created King of the Fortunate Islands by Pope Clement VI, this name, and occasionally that of Rediscovered Islands, gradually gives place to the Canarias, derived from the name given by King Juba centuries before to that island of the Insulæ Fortunatæ which was noted for its large number of great dogs. And so to-day we call the Gardens of the Hesperides of mythology, and the Insulæ Fortunatæ of the Romans the Canary Islands, and King Juba's Isle of Dogs, is still known as Gran Canaria.

The Canary Archipelago consists of seven islands—Gran Canaria, Teneriffe, Palma, Gomera, Hierro, Fuerteventura, and Lanzarote, with six tiny satellites of the two latter islands called Lobos, Graciosa, Allegranza, Montana Clara, the Roque del Este, and the Roque del Oueste.

Modern history of the Canary Islands, as we will now call them, practically commences from 1402, when one, Jean de Bethencourt, a Norman nobleman, set sail to conquer the Canary Islands.

The conquest of the islands was not to be so simple a matter as at first appeared. Especially were the islanders of Teneriffe a valiant and warlike race, and the invaders—whether de Bethencourt and Gadifer de la Salle, or the many subsequent Spanish expeditions—invariably suffered from internal dissension and treachery.

The story of the gradual conquest of the Canary Islands by the Spaniards is too long to recount in detail in a short article, and it must suffice to relate that even with the help of auxiliaries from the other conquered islands, the inhabitants of Teneriffe, after severely defeating the Spaniards on more than one occasion, held out until Christmas Day, 1495, and, even then, would not have been conquered had not their fighting forces been decimated by the ravages of a plague.

From then on, the Canary Islands remained in almost undisputed possession of Spain—though both Morocco and Portugal made ineffectual attempts on the islands, which were also unsuccessfully attacked by successive English fleets under Sir Francis Drake, Sir Robert Blake, and finally, in July 1797, as every one knows, by Admiral Nelson, who lost his arm and suffered his only defeat at Santa Cruz.

After being the westernmost point of the universe for hundreds of years, it seems fitting that the Canary Islands should have been the point of departure for the discoveries of the western hemisphere. It was while living in Gomera, during the final conquest of the remaining islands by the Spaniards, that Christopher Columbus first decided on his adventure. He broke his actual voyage of discovery at Gomera, and on his second trip, he again called at the island and took animals, plants, seeds, etc., with which to stock the land of his discovery.

Before closing with some impressions of the Canary Islands as they are to-day, it may be of interest to discuss briefly the little that is known of the original inhabitants of the islands.

These aboriginal inhabitants could neither read nor write, and consequently no inscriptions have been found which throw any light on their origin or customs. In addition, it must be remembered that by the end of the conquest, the population had been reduced to a mere handful, and the Spaniards did not even trouble to preserve their language.

What little, therefore, is known is derived from the chroniclers who accompanied the various expeditions, or visited the islands soon after the conquest. Owing to the fact that they embalmed their dead there is one theory that the race was descended from a colony of immigrants from Egypt; though the generally accepted view is that the islanders came from the African coast of Mauretania, but long before that country was overrun by Arabs—Mauretania then being inhabited by the same ancient Iberian race which once covered all Western Europe. Later, there was probably a considerable immigration of Arabs into the two Eastern islands—Lanzarote and Fuerteventura.

The real home of the ancient inhabitants, the Guanches, was undoubtedly Teneriffe.

At the time of de Bethencourt's arrival the Guanches lived almost entirely in caves in the mountains and had advanced little beyond the Stone Age, as far as their implements were concerned; but, except in the case of the inhabitants of Hierro, were an extremely warlike race. Curiously enough, when one looks at the islands to-day, agriculture must have been almost entirely neglected, and the chief wealth of the islanders lay in their flocks of sheep, goats, pigs, dogs, and rabbits.

It was not a mere flight of poetic imagination which led Homer and other poets and historians of Rome and Greece to write as they did of the land "on the edge of the world, in which winter's rigour is never felt, in which the air is ever pure and refreshed by the breezes of the ocean."

Indeed one can imagine few better places for a holiday than these delightful islands, which are within five short days of London or Liverpool, and with a choice of travel and accommodation to suit almost any pocket. From £18 1st class return, and twelve pesetas (7s.) a day, to the price paid for super luxury. Tobacco and spirits free of duty, and excellent wine of the country for almost the price of a glass of beer. All that, coupled with the climate and scenery, and inhabitants, whether rich or

(Continued on p. 368)

A SCULPTURE AND ITS LIVING COUNTERPART: The bronze dog on the left, which adorns the entrance to Las Palmas Cathedral, and the animal on the right, which belongs to a descendant of the Norman nobleman, Jean de Bethencourt, represent the true indigenous canine stock which centuries ago gave the Canary group its name

Highland Grandeur and Island Charm

IN BONNY PRINCE CHARLIE'S COUNTRY: Ben Nevis, partly shrouded by mists, towering above Loch Linnhe and the little village of Corpach which stands at the entrance to the "Great Glen of Scotland"

SARK FROM THE CLOUDS: An aerial view of the smallest of the four Channel Islands which, although only 2 square miles in area, has many beauty spots and a rocky coast with countless bays, caves, and blow-holes to attract the adventurous. The island is governed by the Dame of Sark, Mrs. Sybil Hathaway, who under a Charter of Independence, which places her domain outside the authority of Parliament, has the right to receive the taxes paid in kind by the tenants and landowners, and to administer the ancient laws. Everything possible is being done to preserve the medieval character of the place and no motor cars are allowed

The World of Books

Reviewed by
VERNON FANE

IN SEARCH OF PASTURES NEW: S. P. B. Mais (third from left), the well-known writer on England, seen at Victoria Station before leaving for a tour of the Continent as head of a party composed of members of the University Travel Guild. They are visiting Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Germany

Hugh Walpole Writes Another Novel in the Anthony Trollope Tradition: Thomas Wolfe Produces a Brilliant Successor to "Look Homeward Angel"

WITH Mr. Hugh Walpole's new novel, **THE INQUISITOR** (Macmillan. 8s. 6d.), we are happy to find ourselves once more back in the cathedral town of Polchester, to greet an old friend in Canon Ronder, and to follow the drama of Stephen and Michael Furze.

From his assured place in English letters Mr. Walpole has no need to qualify the purpose of his Polchester novels, nor to address those of his critics, "friendly and otherwise," who will insist on dragging in Barchester and Mrs. Proudie. He may say, indeed, that if he could create characters as masterfully as Trollope he would wear his hat at an angle, and challenge with confidence all the present realists of the English novel. Chalk and cheese comparisons are not necessary to the proper tilting of Mr. Walpole's hat, and when he takes us for a stroll down Polchester High Street on a fine spring morning we are conscious of being in the company of one who will make that walk memorable for us in a manner that is denied to all the realists he would wish to challenge.

For Mr. Walpole's strength (and perhaps his purpose in writing that preface is to prove how well he is aware of it) is an ability to make his characters live in a background as fully, as meticulously, and as satisfactorily created as a Canaletto. I know of nothing more rich and colourful, both in detail and ensemble, than the cathedral pageant which is the focal atmospheric of this present novel. Nobody writing to-day can take the reader with quite that degree of enthusiasm not only to a pageant and make him see and enjoy every minute of it, but take him behind the scenes, examine its structure and all the human co-ordination and conflict that go to its creation, as well as its depths of purpose and significance for those in whose lives it is an event of more than passing interest.

It is not the least of his achievements that Mr. Walpole has created, in his Polchester novels, the greatest character of them all in the cathedral itself. Men may battle; there may be murder, and sudden death may stalk through the town; there may be—and indeed there are—passages of tender beauty of happiness and laughter (the love affair of Lampiron and Penny Marlowe is as emotionally stirring as anything I have ever read in fiction), but over all broods the spirit of the cathedral.

It is the cathedral which draws Michael Furze to the town, even more than the fact that his brother lives there. Cathedrals had always had a strong appeal for this curious, half-childish failure of a man, and here in Polchester was one of the most beautiful of them all. The cathedral even more than his sense of opportunism called him to the town.

With others, with Canon Ronder, young Mr. Bird, old Mr. Porteous, the cathedral was the centre of their lives, and their constant pre-occupation. It was the scene of their most complete happiness, and for some it was the background for utter misery and despair. A poor, starved child used it as a hiding place. A weak man, goaded beyond endurance, made it the scene of a murder, and a secret grave.

The cathedral played a part in the lives of the people from whom it seemed most remote. Lampiron, the most modernist of sculptors, found it an inspiration, and Michael Furze, the expression of all the evil fear that was in Polchester, was mysteriously drawn back to it. Stephen Furze found a horrible death in it, and old Lampiron died at its doors, defending it from a rabble who, he thought, threatened to desecrate it.

Inanimate beauty might play a very strong part in the life of any person of sensibility, but the cathedral was more than that. The cathedral was beauty and strength with the power of centuries of history behind it, and that history was one of wars and sieges and fanatic devotion, as much as of worship and splendid ritual and ecclesiastic panoply and pomp.

Although he decries his ability to create character Mr. Walpole contrives to fill his stage with a number of people who are real enough to make us believe that we have shared the experiences of his tale with them, and some of them remain stamped as indelibly on the memory as ever a Mrs. Proudie. And in the course of this, surely his best Polchester novel, the author gives lavishly of all his gifts. There are touches as macabre as the most horror-stricken passages of that man with red hair; character studies as deep as that of Harmer John; pages as full and rich with history and colour as any in the Herries group; and things as tender and beautiful as anything that happened to Vanessa.

Nevertheless the real achievement, because the purpose is indelibly there, is the omnipresence of the cathedral; no quiet, brooding, landscape-making edifice, steeped in almost forgotten history, but an active, dominating entity, for whom men fought and against whom men fought because it willed them so to fight.

YOUNG WRITERS OF NOTE: *Left*—Ladislas Farago, an Hungarian journalist, whose highly-informative book, *Abysssinia on the Eve* (Putnam. 10s. 6d.), is the product of a three-months' visit to Addis Ababa, during which he collected a mass of interesting material relating to the manners, customs, and government of the black empire. *Right*—Lennox Kerr, author of *Woman of Glenshiels*—a novel with a stricken Clydeside manufacturing town as its setting and the problem of unemployment as its theme. Messrs. Collins, the publishers, are expecting it to be one of their best sellers

With the first novel which Thomas Wolfe has given us since *Look Homeward Angel* we are set the task of considering the most important phenomenon on the American literary horizon. Without considering the expatriates (who are unimportant, except in as far as they divert the true course, and irritate with their Bloomsbury posturings) the younger American school has drifted into what may aptly be described as rough stuff.

Of course, if one seeks realism in the American scene one observes that the rough stuff abounds, and well and truly has it been used by Messrs. Hemingway, Burnett, and Wallace Smith, but its weakness may be recognised by seeing how more truly the older hand, Sinclair Lewis, reaches the heart of things. The staccato, Chicago-reportorial style is well suited to the method and matter, and has grown apace, but all who admire it overmuch should read a paper by Percy Wyndham Lewis entitled *The Dumb Ox*.

Mr. Thomas Wolfe is important since he is not only a complete break from that school, but a creative artist in his own right, and likely to be in the direct line from Hermann Melville. It is true that the Joycean influence is strong upon him, but he takes from Joyce only that which is necessary to his own original development; equally he is under the influence of Milton, of Shakespeare, and the Bible. Thomas Wolfe is as far removed from the Chicago reporter school as Melville from Mark Twain. The natural poet in him breaks through insistently (sometimes too insistently as in the pages of blank verse which form some of his frequent soliloquies), and he is also a novelist on the large pattern of life in which everything, from a chance meeting in a train to a conflict on fundamentals, is necessary to the fulfilment of his purpose.

OF TIME AND THE RIVER (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) is not just a novel that has just been published and may be forgotten to-morrow. It is a book that will be read, argued about, classified, and used for comparison whenever the novel, and especially the American novel, comes under review.

It certainly is not "everybody's" book, in the sense that it is the book to get from the library at the moment. Much of it is hard going. Nobody, except with a gargantuan literary appetite, can read it at a sitting; and those gourmands who can, and do, will need to go back and re-read fully to appreciate the quality of the best in it. *Look Homeward Angel*, its natural forebear, was not easy reading, but that there was genius there was as plain as twenty pikestaffs. *Of Time and the River* rushes on with the story of Eugene Gant, the young Southerner we first met in *Look Homeward Angel*, and the torrent of it proceeds without abatement to the space of about six ordinary sized novels.

It is the easiest thing in the world for the sloppy reviewer deliberately to succumb to the flood, exclaiming as he fulfils his desire not to read it, "words, words, words; torrents and torrents of words"; or for the constipated school of suspectors of enthusiasm to lament that real art is pre-eminently selective. These paper boats of criticism are about as effective as they should be in the face of such a flood. For the flood is not merely one of words and word and words for the sake of words. Truly, assuredly, unforgettably, this is the author's "legend of a young man's hunger in his youth" and it can be incomprehensible only to those who have never hungered in their youth.

And that brings me to the point that Mr. Wolfe's work is no more exclusively American than Dickens is exclusively English. Bascombe Hawke is as recognisable, old man Gant as poignant a picture of paternity, to a Colonel's daughter living in Cheltenham, as Dan'l Peggoty ever was to a spinster schoolmarm in Sauk Center, Minnesota.

Men of letters in his own country have hailed Thomas Wolfe as a genius who has raised the American novel to a level of real greatness. That is so, but it would be a poor thing if it were not recognised on this side that his work is both important and fundamental to the English language. For Wolfe's heritage has been the richness of English literature, and he draws upon it unashamedly and with the full knowledge of what he is doing.

I am not going to say that faults do not abound in *Of Time and the River*, there are enough in it to damn twenty lesser works. Above all things it lacks cohesion and form, and Mr. Wolfe has not yet learned the lessons of restraint and technique which the great novelists can teach him. He has so much to say, and, after a million words or so, his hunger for self-expression seems unabated. But as a writer Mr. Wolfe is still young, and the much-needed discipline has time in which to assert itself.

Not by such standards can one condemn a work written at such a passionate tempo, with such sincerity, and with periods which rise to such heights of drama and great beauty! With such genius at his command, who can lament that the world is too much with this young man? That which has a lasting quality in literature, those things of beauty which are a joy for ever in men's minds, are often born of the agony of one man's spirit. Discipline and technique are good servants but bad masters, and I for one can wish that Mr. Wolfe will never be stifled in their thrall. In this case I put it to the reader to view the volcano in a reasonable perspective, to admire its grandeur and its power, without sighing too often for the controlled pyrotechnics of a Crystal Palace Thursday evening.

On p. 368 of this issue will be found a list of works of fiction, biography, autobiography, etc., recently received by THE SPHERE.

LADY ALICE IN INDIA: The Duke's fiancée seen with her brother Lord George Scott (a godson of the King) before starting out on a tiger-hunting expedition

THE KING'S SOLDIER SON AND HIS FIANCEE: The Duke of Gloucester and Lady Alice Montagu-Douglas-Scott, third daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch and Queensberry, strolling together through the grounds of Balmoral during their short stay with the King and Queen after the announcement of their betrothal. Lady Alice, who is thirty-three, shares with the Duke a fondness for outdoor pursuits, is widely travelled, and is an accomplished water-colour painter. At the time of writing the date of the wedding is not fixed

THE ROYAL BETROTHAL

The Duke of Gloucester and His Bride-to-be, Lady Alice Montagu-Douglas-Scott

On left—ON THE STEPS OF DRUMLANRIG: Lady Alice posing for a picture at her father's Dumfriesshire seat. She shares the Stuart blood of the Duke of Gloucester, for her ancestor, the 1st Duke of Buccleuch, was a son of Charles II

THE VISIT TO BALMORAL: *Left*—Lady Alice and the Duke driving to Crathie Church, Deeside, where they attended divine service with the King and Queen and the Duke and Duchess of York. Over 4,000 people, some of whom had motored 200 miles or more to be present, lined the roadside to watch the Royal party pass. There was no cheering as it was a Sunday, but as the carriage went by there was a murmur of admiration, men and women pressing forward to wave handkerchiefs and bunches of white heather in greeting. *Right*—The Duchess of Buccleuch, the King, Lady Alice, the Duke of Gloucester, and the Queen pictured together in the grounds of Their Majesties' highland home. The Duke had to leave on Sunday evening as he was due to rejoin his regiment, the 16th/5th Lancers, at Catterick Bridge

AT THE REGAL: Shirley Temple (centre) with Evelyn Venables and Bill Robinson in *The Little Colonel*. The theme of the film is conventional but Shirley's performance shows her to be one of the most brilliant juvenile stars Hollywood has ever produced. There has been a beneficial toning-down in her former bright precocity

PLAYS and FILMS

Flanagan and Allen, Nervo and Knox, and Naughton and Gold, Provide Boisterous Entertainment at the Palladium : Anna Neagle Scores Another Success

By PHILIP PAGE

"*DULCE est desipere in loco*," wrote the poet Horace, and we may translate, with licence if not with poetry, "Even the most serious dramatic critic should get off his perch occasionally and enjoy himself at a 'Crazy Week.'"

The Palladium is not at the moment officially "crazy," since it presents a revue, *Round About Regent Street*, which has its spectacular side and once or twice showed signs of intentional solemnity. But those inimitable comedians, Flanagan and Allen, Nervo and Knox, and Naughton and Gold, who exemplify the spirit of the Palladium in its maddest and merriest moments were present in full strength if not always in full force. Some of the jokes they cracked were somewhat over-strength, powerful in a malodorous and Stiltonic sense. That is one of the few blots I can find in an entertainment on large, generous, and boisterous lines.

There are forms even of unprintable humour which I prefer to the feline twitterings and sibilant salaciousness of a certain West-End play produced the week before. Such a thing as healthy Rabelaisianism can exist and it does exist at the Palladium, where there is an audience of "regulars" ready and waiting for it. But over-frequent use of it does not, I think, make these funny comedians any funnier, and the position of a male member of the audience who happens to be accompanied by an ingenuous female of respectable dignity who quite innocently asks for "explanations" is apt to be embarrassing.

The odd form of allusive lingo adopted by Messrs. Flanagan and Allen is less embarrassing, but also puzzling, except to the initiated. This is neither back-slang nor rhyming-slang. It is a method of talking in synonyms, apparently by mistake; thus, a taximan is told to go to "His Majesty's annoyed." This is a teaser, but the practised hand will soon realise that what is meant is "King's Cross," and laugh accordingly. The remainder will not laugh, and in this case I am content to be among the remainder. Much—and effective—use is also made of Semitisms, and the soil on which they fall is so generously receptive that I would hesitate to say that they are overdone.

It was not only old association's sake and memories of Lyceum pantomimes that led me to award the palm among these comic couples to Messrs. Naughton and Gold. They are such slick, perky, little men, true *gamins* of the music-hall, irrepressible, swift as greyhounds, cheeky as cock-sparrows. More material should be given them. They were rather out of it until they revelled in an uproariously farcical Broadcasting scene, which was very funny indeed, and will be funnier. In a burlesque of *The Merry Widow*, produced with far more sumptuousness of both frocks and scenery than Daly's ever knew, Lehar's music is used—lots of it. The "high-spot" here is the amazing dance-duet of the Prince and the Widow—Teddy Knox and Jimmy Nervo. Mr. Knox shows us also a clever piece of showmanship as well as evidence that he is an actor in an over-long scene with a performing dog, which I enjoyed in spite of the fact that to watch performing animals gives me far greater pain than they are alleged to suffer in their training.

Spectacle, with the picturesqueness of the past, was successfully attempted in some "Cries of London" scenes, culminating in "Vauxhall Gardens in 1750." This last was remarkable for fireworks; for the appearance of six expensive comedians as chorus-boys, in costumes more nearly correct than Mr. Cecil B. De Mille would ever dream of but without the opportunity to be funny or, indeed, to do anything; and for an anachronism which has surely been inserted for the special benefit of Mr. De Mille and his admirers. For the theme-song of this most costly scene is "Music in Love's Telegraph." Why not, since the date is 1750, love's radio, or love's gramophone, or love's television?

There is plenty of dancing—all of it good. A gentleman named Fisher chases a lady named Harrison round a cage with a whip. Why is pseudo-sadism on the stage invariably so ridiculous? Miss Harrison is supposed to be a panther, which is the reason why she wears a leopard's skin. She is divinely shapely and dances beautifully. Another good dancer is Miss Jean Devereux, "The Lady in Red"; and the Four Flash Devils, coloured dancers of astounding agility and precision, roused a tap-dance loving generation to heights of ecstatic applause.

I cared least of all for Miss Sheila Barrett, described as "America's foremost Impressionist," a label I do not dispute. Since she was for the most part giving impressions of things and people of which I am as ignorant as any Abyssinian, I was unable to grow enthusiastic. When she imitated, at great length, a woman in a cocktail bar in a state of quarrelsome drunkenness my boredom grew profound. This exhibition may have been difficult, though I doubt it; but I echo Dr. Johnson (who was, as I am, no hater of taverns) in sighing "Would to God it were impossible."

Yet, on the whole, a splendid entertainment for the masses, and masses of the masses will undoubtedly flock to it . . .

"Peg of Old Drury."—It is not just patriotism (patriotism should have nothing to do with judgment on these matters) that impels me to hail with joy a fine British film after having endured a week before an execrable American one which must have cost ten times the money.

Peg of Old Drury, at the Leicester Square Theatre, is a type of what an historical film should be, just as emphatically as *The Crusades* is what an historical film should not be. It keeps appreciably close to history without pedantry, and when it tends to fiction it does not do so on any essential point, and never except to enhance the dramatic power. There was not much, perhaps, that was specifically dramatic, as opposed to theatrical, in Margaret Woffington's life. She sprang from humble parentage (as do so many Peg Woffingtons to-day), she became the mistress of the actor-manager (a parallel I will not pursue), and she died fairly young and in the odour of charity, if not of sanctity, for she endowed some almshouses at Teddington. She seems to have been a good sort: she must have been a clever and vivacious actress.

Out of this not very promising material (though novels and plays have been made of it) Mr. Herbert Wilcox has evolved a delightful film.

Miss Anna Neagle's Peg is not only delicious as a film-performance complete in all those important elements of female-film-stardom. It is a most sincere and artistic piece of work, full of both comedy and pathos and running, indeed, the whole gamut of human emotions.

"PEG OF OLD DRURY": Anna Neagle, who gives one of the finest performances of her career as Margaret Woffington, the famous actress of the eighteenth century, in the new British and Dominions film which had an enthusiastic reception when it was presented at the Leicester Square Theatre a few days ago

Drawing by Percy Home

Left and right—NIGHT AND DAY IN "THE GREEN ROOM" AT REGENT'S PARK: A photographic and an artistic impression of activity behind the scenes at the Open-Air Theatre where Sydney Carroll and Robert Atkins, the indefatigable producer, are bringing a successful season to an end this week with their production of *Love's Labour's Lost*. The weather has been particularly favourable this summer and some of the plays, notably *Midsummer Night's Dream*, have attracted capacity crowds

THE "RAMILLIES" COLLISION

And Other Shipping News

LIMPING INTO PORT: The 29,000 ton *Ramillies*, a battleship of the Royal Sovereign class, carrying a complement of over 1,000 men, arriving at Portsmouth with her bows damaged after she had come into collision with the 4,159-ton North German Lloyd steamer, *Eisenach*. The accident, which resembled closely that which recently befell the *Laurentic* and the *Napier Star* in the Irish Sea, occurred during a 60 m.p.h. gale in the Channel, and three members of the crew of the German vessel lost their lives

THE BATTERED "EISENACH": The gaping cavity in the port bow of the German grain steamer after she had collided with H.M.S. *Ramillies*. The three men who were killed were asleep in their quarters in the forecastle at the time of the disaster and had no possible chance of escape

A MARINE ENGINEERING FEAT: The 3,000-ton Swedish motor ship *Gunwaren*, of Gothenburg, which went ashore in a dense fog at lonely Swona Island in the Pentland Firth, has been broken in two by salvage workers and in this picture the two sections of the vessel are shown floating apart

SOUTH AFRICA BUYS BRITISH: An all-steel trolley-bus, part of an order of fifty placed with a British firm by Cape Town Corporation, being hoisted aboard the cargo steamer *Harmodius* at the South-West India Dock, London, before leaving for the Union

PREPARING FOR THE GREAT DAY: A rockbreaker in action in the Clyde, near Dalmuir, where it is deepening and widening the channel in readiness for the passage down the river of the *Queen Mary*. Work on the giant Cunard-White Star liner is now well up to schedule and it is quite probable that she will run her trials in the Spring of next year

INFLUENCE *of the* ITALIAN RENAISSANCE

CONFLICTING influences make any concise definition of the autumn and winter mode extremely difficult, but there *is* a marked change in both day and evening silhouettes. By day it is slender, sometimes with a military swing to the hem, and generally with a rounded effect above the waist, achieved by full-draped sleeves and slightly-bloused waistlines. At night there are the gracious lines of the Italian Renaissance, the looped draperies of the Classics, and the sheath, closely rucked, with rounded hips.

There is a stained glass window air about Jodelle's Florentine frock at the head of this page. In white, with angel sleeves, it has a shoulder-yoke and belt embroidered in gold and multi-coloured stones, and it is complemented by a purple velvet cape which wraps round the figure in lustrous folds. On the left side there is an armhole, and on the shoulder a looped scarf drapery. Lelong's magnificent brocade coat is sketched on the facing page. In white, patterned with silver leaves that are veined with black, it is lavishly trimmed with black fox which frames the head and borders and lines the sleeves. Capes

SKETCHES

from a

PARIS NOTEBOOK

The Re-birth of the Rounded Silhouette

MILITARY TRAPPINGS BY DAY

greatly on: number evening coats. Some are half length, some wrap about the figure, and some fall away from the shoulders in the impressive lines of an ecclesiastical cope.

So much for the influence of the Italian Art Exhibition. As prominent, and quite as important, is the contemporary interpretation of the draperies of the Classics. So exquisitely is the material handled that it is impossible to tell how these draperies are achieved, but in the main they emphasise the curves of the figure without breaking the natural line. Patou is a master of drapery, and nobody can create movement in an evening dress as Lelong does. Molyneux drapes folds like window curtains at the knees, and Lanvin achieves an ageless simplicity. Her heavy black crêpe dress is shown immediately above. It has bands of stitched silver kid at each side, and a full looped-up scarf at the back.

Afternoon dresses also are elaborately draped, especially above the waist, and some idea of Maggy Rouff's model in violet crêpe may be gathered from the rough sketch on the right. She does full and beautifully balanced sleeves, and for this type of frock sponsors a silk jersey which is new. Fullness across the front of the skirt is an interesting feature, and it is achieved sometimes in the cut, sometimes by gathered panels looped up over the belt, sometimes by inverted V folds, and sometimes by tucks immediately below the waist. Necks are high, frequently draped, or with horizontal folds from shoulder to shoulder. Magyar and dolman sleeves give width to the upper part of the figure.

Winter coats may be divided into three categories. Those that are formal, the tailored, and the sports type. The formal wrap closely about the figure, or they are belted and flare at the hem. Fastened right up to the throat, they have very full sleeves and a generally rounded effect above the waist, as in Jodelle's black velvet coat on the opposite page. Bands of marten are carried right across the front. Persian lamb, caracul, golden beaver, black seal, otter, and fox—silver, blue, or dyed to match the fabric—are leading furs. One of Marcel Rochas' tailored coats is seen on the left. In brown, with acorn buttons, it has a flat astrachan collar, a square-shouldered effect, and a full skirt, prominently pocketed. There is a good deal of bandmaster braid on the fronts of coats and suits. Norfolk jackets are popular, and there are three-quarter length semi-fitting coats, or classically cut tailleurs with high revers. Patou's black wool suit is seen on the extreme right. The shoulders are rounded, and the jacket has a fluted basque, the sides embroidered with frogs. Red, black, and white striped satin is used for the blouse.

Fabrics are rich and colours are gorgeous. Black is never neglected in Paris, but lush greens, cornelian reds, wine shades, and blue-greys are used for coats and dresses, while Madonna blues, Borgia red, purple,

(*Continued on p.* 368)

ROAD SIGNS—NEW STYLE: Two examples of the modern fashion in direction posts. That on the left is equipped with interior illumination by night. Both pictures show the movement towards setting the reading matter at eye level. Stress is laid upon road numbering rather than the actual towns served

THE PETROL WORLD

Bumpers that Save: Signs that Mislead: Motoring Takes an Industrial Lead

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

THE 1936 programmes of several car manufacturers have now been published. The general trend is to improve detail and not to alter design in general. The motor trade is undoubtedly wise in adopting this policy which must assist in stabilising prices and making the purchaser feel happier in buying a new car because he realises that it will not be out of date at the end of twelve months.

The Rover Company have conformed to this policy but the total list of improvements amount to more than a score. Prices have in no case been altered. The Ten will appear as before as a saloon. The rear panels are now more pleasing to the eye, and the spare wheel is fitted flush and covered in. The back seat has been given a folding arm rest, and glass ventilating louvres are fitted over the doors. Several other detailed improvements have been incorporated. The 12 h.p. and 14 h.p. saloons, in addition to the features mentioned above have the tools neatly and conveniently disposed in a tray sliding under the instrument board. The Rover prices range from £248 to £415.

Two chassis types of Triumph-Gloria models have been announced for 1936, namely the 11-h.p. 4-cylinder and the 16-h.p. 6-cylinder. There is a range of thirteen models and there are three entirely new body styles. Two of the latter are on the 6-cylinder chassis the first being the six-window saloon with a most striking curved waist-line, it is available only in Vitesse form, this having a specially tuned engine, two carburettors, and additional equipment. The second is a six-window family saloon boasting of most attractive lines and increased roominess. The third new body is similar to the second but is mounted on the 4-cylinder chassis.

The Austin programme, like the two previous ones, is very conservative, in fact the alterations can be detailed in a very few lines. They are these: Girling type brakes on Sixteen, Eighteen, and Twenty models; more effective braking on Seven models; new tourers and two-seaters on Seven and Light-Twelve models; down draught carburation on Light-Twelve models; intake silencer and air-cleaner on Light Twelve-Four, Sixteen, Eighteen, and Twenty models; Luvax hydraulic shock-absorbers on Ten-Four models; new steering gear on Light-Twelve, Sixteen, and Eighteen models; re-modelled roofline on Ten-Four saloon and cabriolet; new type variable screen control giving wide angle opening on all Ten-Four, Light-Twelve, Sixteen, and Eighteen closed models; Jackall hydraulic jacks on Sixteen, Eighteen, and Twenty models; anti-friction discs between main-spring leaves on Sixteen and Eighteen models. Prices have been slightly altered here and there, some of the smaller models are slightly more expensive, on the other hand some of the larger ones have been reduced in price.

The Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders has issued a document which sets out in plain figures the facts about the British motor trade. This publication demonstrates that this country's motor trade is now the most important in the country, or at any rate, not far short of that position. It says much for the enterprise and the persistence of those engaged in this great trade that they have reached this proud position in spite of Parliament's definite anti-motoring attitude. I doubt if any other industry, particularly those which have been established for a long time could have survived, as the motor industry has, in spite of the continuous restrictions levelled against it.

From this publication many interesting facts can be extracted, but the one that interests me more than most is the statement that Britain possesses the smallest average motor car. This is without doubt due to our horse-power tax, though I expect the average size will increase now that the basis of this tax has been reduced by 25 per cent. The S.M.M. and T. from this report appear to favour, either the abolition of this tax, or at any rate a further substantial reduction in it. They consider that such an alteration would permit them to build more powerful motor cars for the home market and as that is the type which is undoubtedly the more popular in the market overseas, they think that the trade would be able greatly to increase their exports. Such reasoning is undoubtedly logical but I think the suggested change would likewise increase the number of American motor cars coming to this country. Innumerable motorists when they buy a car think first and foremost of the annual tax which that car carries with it and that reason alone prevents many would-be owners of American cars from purchasing it. Sweep away or decrease that horse-power tax and these people will undoubtedly buy American. The S.M.M. and T. should therefore agitate for an increase in the import duty on foreign built cars if they continue their attempts to obtain a reduction in the tax in question.

THE NEW HILLMAN MINX: The 1936 version of this popular model has undergone an enormous amount of improvement and redesigning. Its performance is far ahead of anything that would be expected of a car of only £7 10s. tax

In my last notes I made a few remarks regarding the car of the future. I would now like to add some more comments. I feel certain that in ten years' time no self-respecting motorist who buys a new car will expect to have to get out of his vehicle and wind laboriously at a handle to jack up the wheels. He will be distinctly annoyed if a braise of a hammer or spanner is included in the tool kit to enable him to remove a wheel. These are just two items which I have singled out which must sooner or later be harnessed to the engine. It does really seem absurd that on a car with umpteen horse-power under the bonnet, ready and willing to do any job of work, drivers of cars are called upon to exert themselves physically to carry out these menial tasks. I doubt very much whether the car of the future will have any controls such as we know them to-day. I should imagine that everything will be done by pushing an electric button, either with the fingers or with the foot. We are undoubtedly progressing towards that end, and such developments may appear sooner than at the moment seem possible.

A very interesting demonstration was given not long ago by a firm called Safety Bumpers, Ltd., during which human beings endeavour to kill themselves by falling in front of a moving car. No casualties did result, and this was due to the vehicle in question being fitted with safety bumpers. The safety bumper is composed of two cylinders, each having a maximum diameter of 3 in. They cover in length the outside width of the wheels and move with the latter when they are locked over. When any object strikes these cylinders, or rollers, they immediately revolve in an anti-wheelwise direction. The bumper itself is backed by a leaf spring, which obviously reduces the force of any blow, not only to the obstacle struck but also to the mechanism carried. The power for rotating the rollers is taken from the ordinary electrical batteries, which are fitted standard in every car. In action the safety bumper rolls the obstacle hit out of the way into safety. I am informed that this new bumper is by no means unsightly; in fact in appearance it is not uglier than the average device which is now fitted to so many cars. It certainly seems to me that this device has much to recommend it, and I shall not be surprised if before long it is not seen fitted to many of our commercial vehicles, though no doubt it is equally suitable for private cars.

The position regarding signs and signposts on our roads still remains chaotic. In spite of the assurance of the Minister of Transport innumerable useless signs still remain in position and thousands of unofficial notices are still to be seen. The number of official signs has been multiplied so many times in recent years that even if it was only to give the motorist a fairer chance to read the essential warnings, those which are out-of-date and useless should have been removed long ago. Quite frequently I still see the old familiar "private drive, go slowly" notice. It may be erected on private land, but it is displayed in such a manner as to attract the eye of the driver. If the Ministry has not power to move these unofficial warnings it should claim it without delay. I notice on the road, which one is more or less compelled to take in the day time to Maidenhead, going in the direction of Reading, a sign which bears these words "No overtaking on this hill." The hill I should say is not far short of a mile in length and I would not contradict anyone who affirms that it is dangerous to tackle at speed, owing to its two bad bends and the innumerable side roads leading into it. But no one in their senses should be asked to obey such an injunction if the vehicle ahead is a hand-cart, a bicycle or any other vehicle moving at a very slow pace. No signs should be allowed to remain on our highways unless it is to be observed on all occasions. If others are allowed to remain the danger of our roads is increased because many motorists will consider that if one injunction, which is absurd, can be ignored then the chances are that all signs can be disregarded without much risk.

IT RUNS ON WATER AND——! Baron A. Coreth zu Corado, a German scientist, has invented a new fuel named after himself. It is non-explosive, non-inflammable, applicable to any type of I.C. engine, and cost-reducing by 20 per cent. The fuel is heavily diluted with water

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HE, SHE, AND THE HUSSY

By C. Ambler

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KING-MAKING EXTRAORDINARY

(Continued from p. 346)

advanced. Yet the same dominant peculiarity is in evidence as elsewhere. The strong man of the country, the War and Police Minister, the leading Catholic protagonist in a most religious land despite all that has happened, young Gil Robles, is the leading personality behind the rebirth of kingship in the popular mind. Don José Maria Gil Robles is of old monarchist stock. When his wife was asked what her husband really was, her answer came, "Joseph Maria of course is monarchist, but Gil Robles? Who knows what he is?"

Well, behind Gil Robles is Acción Popular, behind Acción Popular Acción Católica, and behind Acción Católica the Roman Catholic Church; moreover, Gil Robles has welded all the political parties of conservatism for the first time into a common unit, and if this does not, in the round, lead back to monarchy, I'll eat the sombrero I recently bought in Barcelona.

This rather odd story of contemporary king-making would hardly be complete without mention of the Comte de Paris or Henry V as French Royalists devoutly hope the young man may regnantly be some day (they think the Duc de Guise, Jean III, would to-morrow abandon his rights in favour of his heir).

Henry V's chance may on the surface appear slight to infinitesimal. Do not let us be so absolutely sure. The army still prevails as the chief force in France, the professional army, by which is primarily meant the General Staff, and in this body are no lack of supporters of the Fleur de Lys. And there is a potential king-maker in General Weygand more powerful than any in any other land; if also more respectful of national institutions. Weygand would lead no king back unless the people asked for it—and would they ever? The Church would; if women got the vote quite a million women would; so would a number of the upper and middle classes, and no doubt a goodly section of big business and finance, hoping for greater stability under a monarch. And so would a not unimportant coterie in the army. Significant may or may not be the fact that the brother of Colonel de la Roque, head of the Fiery Cross, has been a sort of A.D.C. in touch with the Duc de Guise (Jean III). The Colonel could be a king-maker, too; he has never rigidly declared himself.

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PROTECTORS OF OUR TRADE ROUTES

(Continued from p. 353)

a very long range and the latest machines can fly non-stop from England to Gibraltar, so that now the All-red Route can be flown and outposts of Empire in the East can be reinforced without "by your leave" from foreign countries.

The huge Short *Sarafand* flying boat illustrated on pages 352 and 353 is the only one of her kind. She is of course a purely military boat and the specification to which she was built is now some years old.

It is in the matter of size that for civil purposes the flying boat is likely to score over the land machine. Experts predict from the knowledge already gained, that boats of from 100 to 150 tons will be built in the not far distant future. Harbours already exist which these big boats can use without any special preparation. Naturally there are plenty of problems to be solved, but there seems no limit to the size of flying boats save the question of cost and the fact that really big boats will need engines of far greater power than any in production at present.

C. D. P.

THE POWER OF THE "PATRONATO"

(Continued from p. 354)

There is a first-class medicine chest with every possible liniment and bandage, as well as a stretcher for motor car accidents. There are shower baths for the chauffeurs as well as a smart little restaurant for them. There are special rooms for cleaning and mending. In the larder there is a gigantic ice-chest, 7 ft. by 10 ft. There are marvellous cool cellars very well stocked, and a first-class kitchen, absolutely clean and with an L-shaped counter. There are also the offices of the manager and his wife, together with an outside terrace and veranda with blue awnings, white pillars and yellow table cloths, where you can sit and watch everybody who is anybody driving madly into Spain from France on the direct route. And what does it all cost the visitor? The answer is that a double bedroom and bathroom costs 11s. for the two of you, with breakfast at 1s. each, luncheon at 2s. 6d. and dinner at 3s. 6d. If you stay *en pension* it is even less, of course. These prices are the same in the paradors.

Anyone, therefore, who intends to pay a visit to Southern Spain will be very foolish not to arrange his tour to fit in with these State hotels. It is the cheapest possible way of spending a holiday in a country where you still get 36s. to the £.

THE ISLES OF DOGS

(Cont. from p. 358)

peasant, of a courtly friendliness, the equal of which it would be hard to find anywhere in the world.

There are walking and climbing over the mountains, which stretch up to the Teide in Teneriffe, or to Roque Nublo in Grand Canary. There are also the islands of Gomera and La Palma to explore, and the Canaries are a veritable paradise for the botanist.

Surely that is enough for those young or old who love and appreciate the peace and grandeur of unspoilt nature.

A closing word of advice to any who may think of the Canaries as a holiday, holding out the elements of romance and adventure. Firstly, no maps can be obtained on the islands that give even a reasonably safe guide to a country which rises steeply to 6,000 ft. in Grand Canary, and 12,000 ft. in Teneriffe, and is intersected everywhere by deep barrancos. The writer is told that Spanish military maps can be obtained from Madrid, and these should certainly be acquired before leaving England.

A. L. Field

FOR THIS RELIEF MUCH THANKS: Our attention has been drawn to a recent and important development in the interests of noise abatement. An exhaust silencer is now available for use on pneumatic road drills which effectively reduces the volume of noise by 60 per cent. Its use has been stipulated by the Westminster City Council on all road-making contracts this summer. The new silencer, which is shown attached to a "road ripper" in this picture, comes from Cornwall where it is made at the Camborne works of the well-known engineers, Holman Bros., Ltd.

SKETCHES FROM A PARIS NOTE BOOK

(Continued from p. 365)

grey, and brown are modelled for the evening. There is also a feeling for white, particularly when it is embroidered in gold and coloured stones. Smooth woollens and broadcloths are used for formal coats, hand-woven tweeds, hairy woollens, bold checks, and heavily woven chevron designs being favoured for suits and tailored wraps. Velvet leads for the afternoon and evening. Plain, shot, spangled, or woven with cellophane threads, it shares the honours with cloqué-lamés, chiffon, lustrous satin and Indian muslins, shaded and striped with silver.

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

(See also 3rd page of Cover)

B., Bucks. (Spain).—You would like Zarauz, a small seaside resort seventeen miles west of San Sebastian, on the north coast of Spain. The surrounding country is very attractive, and you can make many pleasant motor excursions in the neighbourhood, the coastal roads on both sides of Zarauz being particularly pretty. You can also make excursions across the French frontier to Biarritz and St. Jean de Luz. Zarauz has a good sandy beach and a golf course and tennis courts, but there are no organised entertainments, and the town is popular with Spanish families solely on account of its good beach. In any case, by mid-September many of the visitors will have left. The leading hotel there, the Grand, overlooks the beach. The smaller hotel, the Eguzky, is in the town.

G., Territory of Hawaii (Europe, Scandinavia and U.S.S.R.).—You could travel by trans-Siberian railway from Vladivostock to Moscow, commencing your tour from there. However, you would probably find it more convenient, and no more expensive, to travel via the U.S.A., commencing your tour from London. In this way you could spend more time in Germany, seeing the Valley of the Rhine, the Black Forest, the Bavarian Alps, Munich, Nuremberg, Leipzig and Berlin, continuing from there to Warsaw, Moscow and Leningrad. From the latter, you could go on to Helsingfors, travelling down to Stockholm by boat, and by train to Oslo, Bergen and the Norwegian fjords. Tours to the U.S.S.R. are organised by Intourist, the official agents of the U.S.S.R. State Travel Bureau.

D., Lancs. (Madeira).—The Union Castle Line are quoting a special return first-class fare of £20 to Madeira, for the Christmas season. There are outward sailings on December 13th and 20th, with return sailings on December 19th, 26th, January 2nd, 9th and 16th.

TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

N., Yorks. (Jersey). — Jersey, the largest of the Channel Islands, has a mild and equable winter climate, the sunshine record being exceptionally high. The mean winter temperature is 43.5° F., the average daily range being only 7° F. The prevailing winds during the winter are south, snow being seldom seen, while the sea breezes act as a mild tonic. Jersey has always been popular as a winter resort with English people, and you will find plenty of pleasant society there during that season. Hotel accommodation is good and plentiful, and the island, which is extremely pretty, offers endless scope for the most delightful walks. There are two 18-hole golf courses, and one 9-hole course.

S., Istanbul (Majorca).—The winter climate of Majorca is dry, sunny, and mild with an average temperature of 60° to 63° F., February being the coolest month with an average temperature of 50.6° F. There are occasionally storms in the early part of the spring, but fog is a very rare occurrence. The climate is particularly beneficial to those suffering from rheumatic or pulmonary complaints. The Hotel Inglesa is situated in El Terreno, the residential suburb of Palma, where there is a good sandy beach with bathing usually possible well into November. The fishing to be had round Majorca is only fair, and there are no indications of any good big-game fishing.

M., Isle of Man (Belgium and Germany).—There are at present about 145 Belgian francs to the £. A reasonably priced hotel in Brussels is De Boeks, 40 rue Veydt, Quartier Louise, while in Ostende there is the Hotel Helvetia, Digue de Mer. Registered marks can be obtained from any bank or tourist agency at a rate of about 21 to the £, although the rate fluctuates slightly. They cannot be bought in Germany though the drafts can be cashed at any bank or exchange station, each visitor being allowed to cash up to 50 registered marks per day. In Cologne you would like the Hotel Comoedienhof.

P., Dieppe (Australia and England).—A comfortable first class hotel in Melbourne is the Hotel Oriental which charges about 18s. per day. Other hotels are the Windsor and Scott's Hotel. The £ is worth approximately 25s. in Australia, so that you would not find good hotel accommodation there expensive. In Dorking, Surrey there is the Deepdene Hotel which should suit your requirements. There is an 18-hole golf course there.

J., Scotland (Germany and Belgium).—The 60 per cent. reduction granted by the German State Railways is available until October 31, and on condition that the passenger spends at least seven days in the country. The return 2nd-class fare from London to Cologne in this way would be £4 7s. 9d. via Harwich-Flushing, and £5 10s. 4d. via Harwich and the Hook of Holland. Your better plan would be to travel by the latter route, as you will then cross at night, the sleeping berth being included in the fare. The boat train leaves Liverpool Street Station at 8.30 p.m., so that you can easily travel up from Scotland the same day. In Cologne we can recommend the Hotel Comoedienhof. For information as to registered marks please see our reply to "M" above. October is rather late for a visit to the Belgian coast, and we suggest that you spend part of your holiday in Brussels, and part at Spa, the fashionable and popular spa in the Belgian Ardennes. We advise you to make your visit as early as possible in October so that you will have some opportunity to see the lovely wooded scenery of these hills during early autumn.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

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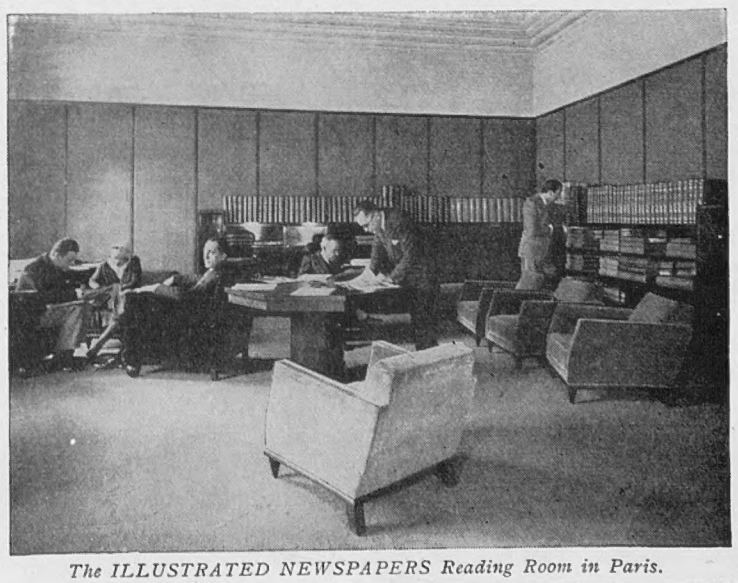

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